

OCT 25 1957

# THE MONTH

OCTOBER 1957

## COMMENT

### JEAN BAPTISTE LAMY—I

*First Archbishop of Santa Fe*

PAUL HORGAN

### GRADUS AD CAELESTIA

C. C. MARTINDALE

### ST. MALACHY OF ARMAGH

GERARD MURPHY

### REUNION AS A POLITICAL PROBLEM

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PHILIP © CARAMAN

# The Divine Heart



Portrait by Rosamund Fletcher, A.R.B.S.

THESE paragraphs are not meant to be miniature sermons or meditations, but hope to draw attention to some one thought that may be of service.

In the seventeenth century it was felt by many that Catholic worship had grown too external—too formal a repetition of acts and prayers. More and more, then, the "inner life" of Our Lord and His Mother were studied, that our own innermost life might become like theirs—that men might be "whole-hearted Christians," as we might say. St. John Eudes (d. 1680) not only preached this devotion but obtained the celebration of Masses in honour of the Hearts of Jesus and of Mary.

So effective was this that the Breviary speaks of him as being "the first of all who—not without divine inspiration—thought out this liturgical cult and therefore is rightly held to be its 'father, 'doctor' (authorized teacher) and apostle." When St. Margaret Mary (d. 1690) entered her convent in 1671 it is thought that the Mass in honour of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was already celebrated there and perhaps that of the Sacred Heart.

In any case, the Visitation Order was full of the devotion to the Sacred Heart ever since its founder, St. Francis de Sales, who indeed gave it the Hearts of Jesus and Mary as its "crest," calling them "this single Heart," so perfectly "at one" with her Son's Heart was His Mother's.

How then did Margaret Mary's message differ from that of St. John Eudes? We all know its words: "Behold this Heart which has so much loved men": she dwells on the man-ward love of the Sacred Heart, a love requited by so much ingratitude.

Eudes might have written: "Behold this Heart which so much loves God." He dwelt on the God-ward worship, love, obedience of our Lord's inmost life.

Well may the Liturgy write of the "unsearchable," unfathomable, inexhaustible riches of our Lord's Heart. He Himself said: "None fully knoweth the Father save the Son," yet also, "Come unto Me—I am humble of heart." He will lead us as high as God, for He has come, all the way down, to where we are.

FR. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

*The above contribution from Father Martindale is one of a series of commentaries on the Scriptures appearing every week in*

THE CATHOLIC HERALD

## COMMENT

**I**N *The Servile State*, published in 1913, Hilaire Belloc wrote: "We cannot examine Socialism in actual working, nor can we say (as we can say of well-divided property): 'On such and such an occasion, in such and such a period of European history, Collectivism was established and produced both stability and happiness in society.'" Belloc's main thesis was that the pursuit of the collectivist ideal "leads men acting upon a Capitalist society *not* towards the Collectivist State nor anything like it, but to that . . . utterly different thing—the *Servile State*."

Ten years after the October Revolution, Belloc was still unrepentant. In a preface to the third edition, published in 1927, he boasted that he had not even modified the sentence in which he said that State collectivism could show no working example, "for the Russian Revolution, which took place four years after my first edition appeared, has *not* produced a Collectivist State; on the contrary it has produced a State the vast bulk of which—some nine-tenths—have, by it, been confirmed as peasant owners."

What he said was true. It was not until the following year that the commencement of the First Five Year Plan marked the beginning of the end for the free peasantry throughout the U.S.S.R. But though Stalin succeeded in establishing a fully collectivised society (for by the mid-thirties collectivism prevailed in agriculture as in industry), it was, as Belloc foresaw, a State without happiness—even for the highly privileged upper strata of the new régime. And if there is now somewhat less unhappiness than before Stalin's death, the fundamental disequilibrium of the régime is all the more obvious, for the apparent stability of the U.S.S.R. in Stalin's time was a function of the most frightful terror apparatus ever devised, and the partial relaxation of the post-Stalin era has revealed the magnitude of the tensions within the State.

As a close observer of Soviet affairs, David S. Anine, has remarked, the position of the Bolshevik élite was precarious under Stalin primarily because the bureaucracy "was not the *master* of political power, but merely its *instrument* . . . no more able to consolidate and force a guarantee of political and personal rights

for itself than was any other social group in Soviet society.”<sup>1</sup> The main obstacle to the re-establishment of the Stalinist supra-class dictatorship is the determination of the privileged upper strata to acquire personal security and established rights. As Mr. Anine puts it: “What is in prospect is the transformation of the ‘supra-class’ and ‘supra-Party’ régime into a ‘class’ régime conducted in the interests of the privileged Soviet bureaucracy.”<sup>2</sup>

If the bureaucracy realises its ambition (as it may well do), it would mean the establishment in Russia of The Servile State. Belloc thus defines it: *That arrangement of society in which so considerable a number of the families and individuals are constrained by positive law to labour for the advantage of other families and individuals as to stamp the whole community with the mark of such labour we call THE SERVILE STATE.*

The arrangement under Stalin was quite different. Stalin’s Russia was not a Servile State—whatever else it may have been—for, as Belloc pointed out: “. . . that State is not servile in which *all* citizens are liable to submit their energies to the compulsion of positive law, and must labour at the discretion of State officials. . . . The servile condition is present in society only when there is also present the free citizen for whose benefit the slave works under the compulsion of positive law.”

The change, however, envisaged by the bureaucracy is likely to encounter serious hostility from the more idealistic of the younger generation. According to a letter from a Moscow student published in the Austrian journal *Forum*,<sup>3</sup> in the course of a violent *post mortem*, held in the students’ quarters at Moscow University, on the Red Army’s intervention in Hungary: “Gradually there crystallised a question that is of the utmost significance for a socialist system: although the Party bureaucracy does not possess any formal title to society’s means of production, has it not, through its practical control over these means of production, through their utilisation, through the distribution of manpower and through the control which it exercises over wages, already become an exploiting class in the original Marxist sense? And may it not then also become permissible or even necessary to oppose it by means of the Marxist weapon in the class struggle, the general strike?”

<sup>1</sup> “Will Russia ‘Debolshevise?’” article in *Problems of Communism*, May-June 1957.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> No. 38, February 1957.

This cry of student alarm indicates the strain to which a Soviet Servile State would be subject on account of the divergence between the theoretical moral basis of the régime (the emancipation of the proletariat) and the social facts, which were tolerable only so long as it could be affirmed with truth that the élite did not enjoy the customary privileges of a ruling class properly so called. This strain would be formidable enough if the more politically conscious sections of the youth were not aware of alternative means of restoring social equilibrium. But with Titoist Yugoslavia already groping blindly in a semi-corporativist direction, and Gomulka's Poland forced to come to terms with an unvanquished Catholic people, the tensions threaten to frustrate the bureaucracy's ambition to emerge as a ruling class. Notwithstanding the upper strata's fear of political and even physical liquidation in the event of a return to one-man dictatorship, yet, given a sufficient threat to the material privileges they now enjoy, they may prefer to take the risks entailed by the re-establishment of a supra-class dictatorship.

Of the alternatives—a return to Stalinism or the formal establishment of a Servile State—the latter would certainly be preferable, both for the world and for the subject peoples of the Soviet empire. For the world, because a privileged class would probably be averse to risking the loss of its new-found security through an unnecessarily adventurous foreign policy; it might be genuinely interested in peace and in relieving international tension. For the subject peoples of the U.S.S.R., because, to secure itself, the privileged upper class would have to guarantee to its slaves fairly well-defined rights (the rights to work, to leisure, to medical attention, to social insurance, education, etc., to which Soviet citizens are already theoretically entitled according to the terms of the 1936 Constitution)—rights which would be forfeited only in the event of the slaves refusing to obey the labour laws of the Servile State.

As Belloc pointed out, such a servile condition "in no way connotes the worst, nor even necessarily a bad, arrangement of society." It represents retrogression only by comparison with the state of affairs in a free society based on well-divided property. In 1913 Belloc was careful to point out that nowhere did he say that the re-establishment of slavery would be a bad thing compared with the then prevailing insecurity of the English proletariat. And if that was true of 1913 England, in the U.S.S.R.

today the establishment of a Servile State that confirmed the upper strata in their privileges but set limits to the exploitation of the proletariat and the peasantry, and gave them real incentives to increase production, would be in itself a social revolution and would provide a framework within which a free society could evolve in the course of time.

That there would be little probability of such a régime evolving gradually into a Western-type democracy should not prejudice it in Christian eyes. For democracy as modern history has known it (and this must not be confused with truly representative institutions such as flourished in medieval society) is essentially anthropocentric and virtually synonymous with the deification of man. It began at the Reformation with the deification of the monarch, whose mantle eventually descended to the shoulders of the sovereign mob. That this Protestant democracy is fundamentally an expression of man's refusal to accept the status of creature has finally been made clear by the modern "democratic" and "emancipated" woman's refusal of motherhood; its quintessential meaning is man's right to self-rule in all things, and its logical conclusion, anarchy. There is only one effective antidote to this democratic virus—Faith. In the absence of a Christian resurgence, it would seem that once a society sets out on the democratic path there is no means of restoring it to common sense save the chastisement of chaos.

This chastisement finally overtook Europe in 1914. From the chaos born of three years' uninterrupted fratricide there emerged Bolshevism, the *summa* of every conceivable heresy, which proceeded to the liquidation of private property, "bourgeois" morality, and the last vestige of human freedom. Paradoxically enough, within three decades of October 1917, the Europe that had arrogantly refused to accept the gentle yoke of Christ was compelled to cede half its territory to, and live in fear and trembling of, the most absolute authority in history.

God will not be mocked. The Soviet State, acting in the name of democracy (democratic centralism) has made democracy forever impossible throughout the vast heartland of Eurasia. However the Satanic empire bequeathed by Stalin may eventually be humanised, it will certainly *not* be by democracy. For in a land traditionally given to nihilism,<sup>1</sup> four decades of arbitrary rule

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Road to Revolution*, by Avraham Yarmolinsky (Cassell 25s).

uninhibited by moral scruples have bred an opportunism so utterly nihilistic that, even if it would, authority could neither abdicate nor even relax beyond certain limits without inviting total anarchy. Whatever the future holds for the territory now ruled from Moscow, authority has come to stay. The only question worthy of consideration is, the form it may assume.

It would seem that for the U.S.S.R. to evolve into a Servile State in the Bellocian sense, it would be necessary for Party rule to make way for a Bonapartist dictatorship under which the bureaucracy could appear to merit its privileges by service to and in the Red Army (in which pay differentials, as well as the treatment and status of the enlisted man, are quite shocking by Western standards) whose prestige as victor in the Great Patriotic War is still unsullied in the eyes of the masses. Only so could the tensions be eased within a Soviet Servile State which presumably would continue to inscribe on its banners the emancipation of the proletariat. Significantly, the recent apparent eclipse of Bulganin (who is cordially detested by Defence Minister Zhukov) in favour of Mikoyan (who forced Khrushchev, against his better judgment, to unleash the anti-Stalin conflagration) as fellow world-traveller of the First Secretary of the Party would appear to indicate that the bureaucracy already looks towards the Army rather than the Party as the protector of its privileges.

If such should be the path of development within the U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia's stumbling progress along corporativist lines might facilitate the progressive modification of a Soviet Servile State. The present significance of Yugoslavia's peculiar experiment is that for the first time in history a doctrinaire Soviet-type régime has departed radically from Marxist orthodoxy and is beginning to move vaguely in the direction of what is potentially a practical means of restoring organic life to a collectivised economy—while its official, exceedingly vicious, atheism serves as a reassurance concerning its "Socialist" loyalty. Nor should it prove surprising if, under Providence, circumstances were thus to conspire to restore equilibrium and freedom behind the Iron Curtain; for God, who, as Claudel said, "writes straight with crooked lines," wastes nothing.

Such possibilities are naturally quite beyond the comprehension of narrow-minded Leftist intellectuals of *New Statesman* vintage, for whom nothing makes sense unless it dovetails somehow or

other with British experience of a planned economy. "To the Western Socialist," wrote Mrs. Barbara Castle in the *New States-Man* of 10 August, 1957, "Yugoslavia has been standing her policy on its head. Determined to keep political control in the party's hands, while genuinely seeking to avoid 'bureaucracy,' she has overcentralised politically while over-decentralising economically and has no way of dealing with the resulting chaos save by an increasing desperate resort to monetary policy and the 'free play of economic laws.' But this is to divest planning of all morality."

What Mrs. Castle and others fail completely to understand is that whereas in Britain today, as in Belloc's time, the forces working for the re-establishment of property as an institution normally integral to citizenship have to struggle against the grain of society, in Yugoslavia collectivism has already been tried by Marxists and found wanting. Nor is it appreciated that the existing ferment throughout the Soviet empire is a function of the profound disequilibrium of collectivist society, that henceforth it is the Party of the Revolution, with its doctrinaire collectivist hangers-on, that will be working against the grain of human aspirations.

This does not mean that the passing of Communism is necessarily imminent. Being intrinsically perverse, Communism must of course pass away sooner or later. But, as Keynes said, in the long run we are all dead. The present tensions within Soviet society may yet be resolved by the restitution of Stalinist totalitarianism, and the U.S.S.R. thus stabilised for a sufficiently long period to permit of its world domination. This possibility is certainly enhanced so long as there are Western countries in which those who desire a restoration of property have to work against the social grain.

But behind the Iron Curtain any decisive change must be away from collectivism towards the restoration of property. Under Stalin things got into such an intolerably bad state that any change had to be for the better. At present, the most we can say is: it moves. Whether the change which began in 1953 will take place rapidly enough to forestall the domination of the world by atheistic Communism, only time will tell, and only intelligence and courage, faith and prayer, will decide.

# JEAN BAPTISTE LAMY—I

*First Archbishop of Santa Fe*

By

PAUL HORGAN

WINTER STORMS in the Gulf of Mexico overtook a small ship beating her way from New Orleans to Galveston in December 1850. Despite the fact that she had been condemned as unsafe, she carried a hundred passengers. One of these was a French priest, thirty-seven years old, who on 24 November, in Cincinnati, Ohio, had been consecrated a bishop. Carrying with him the papal bull of Pius IX which appointed him as vicar apostolic of New Mexico, he was on his way to Santa Fe. In the icy darkness of gales at sea he faced uncertainties, immediate and remote, for the ship held small promise of delivering him safely to shore, and he knew little enough of what might await him if he should survive the voyage.

In fact, he was travelling toward a job of work vast in scale. His new ecclesiastical province embraced a corner of present-day Nevada, about a fourth of Colorado, and all of Arizona and New Mexico except the southern strip which would presently be added by the Gadsden Purchase. Taken together, these lands were larger than the whole of his native France. Their physical character was formidable—great elevated deserts divided at far intervals by forbidding mountains and threaded by only a few long, meagre rivers with narrow belts of green life. There were few towns, and almost all of these lay widely separated along the valley of the Rio Grande in New Mexico. The population of the province consisted largely of Spanish-Mexicans and Pueblo Indians. These peoples until the year before had belonged to the Mexican Republic; but in 1848 under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo their territory had come to the United States as part of the settlement following the war with Mexico.

Previously, New Mexican ecclesiastical affairs had rested under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durango, in central Mexico, fifteen hundred miles from Santa Fe. When New Mexico and her adjacent areas became United States territory, not only civil affairs, but also the administration of the Church came within the new national frame. It was as a consequence of the Mexican War that social and religious conditions in the great Latin and Indian south-west arrested the attention of the American bishops meeting in national council at Baltimore in the summer of 1849.

And what conditions. Periodically ever since 1630 the great lost province of Spain, and later, of Mexico, on the northern Rio Grande, had asked for a bishop of its own, to be seated at Santa Fe; but to no avail. Generations went by without an episcopal visitation to the exiled north, while mission friars struggled to hold their authority against the civil governors, and even broke into quarrels with their distant and invisible bishop at Durango. In the early nineteenth century, the long process of secularisation began with the dismissal of the Franciscans, and without a bishop to guide it on the scene, the Church fell upon unhappy days. The absence of a spiritual leader seemed like a symbol of the abandonment of the province. Who cared?—so far, so outlandish, with only a handful of Spaniards amidst a diffused population of Indians—New Mexico was lost in its golden distance, and the world did not appear to miss it.

Without leadership in the affairs of the spirit, the society lost any motive larger than that of simple survival. Without nourishment or purpose for the aggregate mind of the colony, ignorance was the heritage of each new generation. New Mexico had no schools. Her churches were for the most part in ruins. The Indian missions were abandoned. There were only nine priests in over two hundred thousand square miles. The deportment of some of these was at times reprehensible. Yet in that Latin society a pathetic spark of faithful need for Christianity lived on, and families did what they could to pass along to their children the outlines of Christian doctrine and history; but memory played tricks, and truth was lost in fancy and superstition, and where form survived it was often corrupt and without substance.

The state of affairs could hardly be worse, and one thing seemed clear to the council of bishops at Baltimore: so long as the ecclesiastical responsibilities of New Mexico continued to come under

the authority of the Bishop of Durango, her religious and social conditions could not be improved—indeed, not only distance and inattention but also new international complexities must prevent amelioration. The council acted promptly upon the need that had first been shown in 1830. The assembled bishops petitioned the Holy See to establish a vicariate apostolic for New Mexico, and to preside over it nominated Fr. Jean Baptiste Lamy, who had come to Kentucky from France in 1839 as a missionary priest. On 19 July, 1850, Pope Pius IX approved the petition, and named as titular Bishop of Agathonica and vicar apostolic of New Mexico the man recommended to him.

When to his “great amazement and surprise” the papal bull with the news of his elevation reached Fr. Lamy in Kentucky he did not hesitate to accept, but in his heart he attached a condition, and his first act was to fulfil it by writing to his closest friend, Fr. Joseph P. Machebeuf, who was a pastor in Sandusky, Ohio.

“They wish,” wrote Lamy of the Roman powers, “they wish that I should be a Vicar Apostolic, and I wish you to be my Vicar General, and from these two vicars we shall try to make one good pastor. . . .”

These friends were born in the same department of France—Puy-de-Dôme in the Auvergne—and attended seminary together, and together came to America in 1839 when recruited as young missionaries by Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati. Though moved now by Lamy’s urgent appeal, Machebeuf had qualms about leaving his parishioners, and delayed his reply. Lamy wrote again. What was the motto the two friends had adopted in high humour long ago from the patois of their native Auvergne? *Latsin pas!*—“Never give up!” Half-hoping for advice against the far western venture, Machebeuf consulted his superiors and his conscience. Both told him to go. He had to agree. With a sigh of regret for the faithful whom he was leaving, he yet kindled at the prospect of the adventure ahead, in the company of the friend who would now be his superior in a wilderness kingdom.

Sharing a common dedication, and the spirited temperament which was their inheritance as Auvergnats, the two vicars otherwise presented contrasts in appearance and personality. Lamy stood five feet ten inches in height, but his spare build made him seem taller. His manner was reposeful, but when he met people’s

gaze his dark eyes sparkled, and when he answered them his smile was persuasive. His head was broadly modelled, with dark, curly hair, a tall brow, deeply porched eyes and lean, strongly shadowed cheeks. His mouth was wide, and in repose wore a melancholy expression. His jaw was bony and square, and his chin was resolute. Patience, kindly gravity and intelligence marked his face. Seeing in him a "lovable disposition," his friends knew he "could be firm as a rock" when he believed himself right. All his life subject to spells of illness, he prevailed against them and went his way with his "usual and untiring energy." He was an expert horseman, with a good seat, erect in the saddle. In residence he ate one full meal a day, with only a cup of black coffee and a piece of bread morning and evening.

Machebeuf was of another type. He was a short man. His thin little frame seemed always to quiver with controlled animation. His hair was so light and his skin so pale that his classmates used to call him Whitey. His face was as plain as the bishop's was handsome. Over his deep-set eyes he wore small spectacles with metal rims. His cheekbones stood out. His mouth was a trifle protuberant and a large mole made a lump on his right jaw. His neck was thin. Through all this there moved and reached a witty, compassionate and charming nature that raised people's spirits as they looked at him.

Planning their approach to New Mexico, they had debated whether to take the usual route by way of St. Louis, Independence, and the Santa Fe Trail. But Lamy wanted to confer with the bishops of New Orleans and Galveston, and to see his sister, a nun, in New Orleans, who was ill. Further, if he went by way of the Gulf and Texas, he would see in his journey going north from El Paso to Santa Fe almost the whole of his most settled parishes along the Rio Grande. He went ahead, leaving Machebeuf to overtake him in New Orleans or farther along the way. But Machebeuf arrived at New Orleans the day after Lamy sailed into the stormy Gulf on the precarious little steamer which was bearing emigrants eager enough to reach Texas to risk the passage.

Nearing Galveston, the ship went out of control, and was driven aground in the shallows off the low coast. Lamy wrote:

Many trips had to be made from the vessel to the shore in the wind, gale and high sea. All were landed in safety. It was cold, ice

freezing to the ship and the smaller boats, so the passengers had salvaged many baskets which contained champagne, together with several kegs of cognac. Soon after reaching the shore many became dead drunk. I had no chance to perform my daily devotions in the midst of that uproar and blasphemous talk.

The "ship was broken into a thousand pieces." The bishop lost most of his belongings, including "a fine new wagon which he bought at New Orleans for the trip over the plains," as Machebeuf later told. Lamy saw his trunk floating ashore in the wreckage, and with the help of a Negro boy salvaged it. It contained his vestments and his books, now water-logged. The shipwreck cost him three hundred and fifty dollars, a great sum for a new missionary bishop to lose.

He went on to San Antonio where a United States Army train was making ready for a march to Fort Bliss. He planned to go with it, and to carry Machebeuf and himself he bought a new buggy and a pair of newly-broken mules. One day on a drive near San Antonio his coachman lashed the mules until they bolted. "I jumped out," said the bishop, "and dislocated my ankle in the loose sand." He could not stand or walk. When Machebeuf arrived in San Antonio he found his friend laid up in pain. The Army train had marched without him. It would be weeks until another went. Machebeuf brought him sad news—his sister had died in New Orleans. He needed all his fortitude to endure pain, loss and idleness. "*Latsin pas!*"

But presently they were on the way to the Rio Grande with another Army train of two hundred government wagons, twenty-five merchant wagons, a troop of cavalry, and stock animals. It was good to be moving again, even over six hundred miles of dry plains where Indians waited. The travellers had milk every day brought by Mexican drovers in charge of the train cattle, and beef three times a week, and such game as antelope, rabbit, duck and grouse, and, when they passed over the little rivers of south-west Texas, fish, which they often caught with their hands. They almost always slept in the open air with their saddles for pillows.

In six weeks they reached El Paso, where the pastor, a famous host, offered "every hospitality in his power." After years of never seeing a bishop the El Paso priest now entertained his second within nine months, for in the preceding autumn Mon-

signor Zubiría, the bishop of Durango, had paused at El Paso on his way to and from Santa Fe. The Mexican bishop's vast northern land had already been transferred by the Holy See to an ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the United States—but he did not know it then, and the pastor of El Paso could not say if he knew it even now.

In this confusion lay the seed of heavy trouble for the new bishop. For when, after a progress northward through the Rio Grande towns where he passed beneath triumphal arches of evergreens erected by jubilant villagers, he came to his capital on 8 August, 1851, he found the local clergy respectful of his purple, but otherwise waiting to greet him with discouraging news. Receiving a great civic welcome at Santa Fe, with salvos from Fort Marcy, and dances and sham battles by eight thousand Pueblo Indians in full ceremonial costume, and speeches by the territorial governor, and a Te Deum at the parish church of St. Francis during which fandango tunes were performed on violins, guitars and drums, and a banquet, and a shower of rain which fell like a portent after prolonged drought, the vicar apostolic was informed by Fr. Ortiz, the vicar in Santa Fe of the Bishop of Durango, that he and his clergy must refuse to accept him as their new superior.

But the papal bull, the letters of appointment? Bishop Lamy displayed them.

They might be in order, to be sure; but Fr. Ortiz had received from Durango no word of any change of administration; and until he had this, he could not resign his powers to Bishop Lamy, and his priests must not consider themselves subject to a new lordship.

At the end of a hard journey it was an unexpected complication. Lamy considered the matter from the local point of view and patiently concluded that in official terms the vicar of Santa Fe was justified in his position. There was only one thing to do. The vicar apostolic must go, himself, on a longer and harder journey than the one he had just made. It would take him to the city of Durango, where he would have to present his case to old Bishop Zubiría, and convince him that it was just.

But first he gave attention to the church properties of his new domain. It was odd that the clergy, though they would not bow to his throne, made no protest when he took legal possession

of church properties at Santa Fe. In short order he held custody of all church buildings, chapels and other property—all but one. This was the old military chapel on the plaza of Santa Fe which had been taken for secular uses by the American territorial government. It could not be yielded up to Lamy without approval by the territorial Supreme Court, whose chief justice, Grafton Baker, swore one Sunday evening while drunk that not only would he refuse to give over the chapel, he would also have the bishop and his new vicar general hanged from the same gibbet. His boast was heard by half a dozen devout Mexicans and by next morning it was flying around town.

The citizens were infuriated. Over a thousand of all faiths signed a petition to demand that the bishop's claim be honoured. The chief justice, threatened with plebeian violence to his person, cried for the commander of Fort Marcy to protect him. In contempt, the commander refused and instead pledged his support to the bishop. A throng marched to find the chief justice. When they came to his refuge they found him guarded from harm by two believers in civil order—Fr. Machebeuf and a Catholic officer from Fort Marcy. Judge Baker sent out word that if he were not harmed he would render justice to the bishop. When evening came he appeared before the bishop to apologise, and the next day, holding open court in the very chapel under dispute, he formally made it over to its new custodian in the presence of the governor, the civil authorities and the military commanders of New Mexico.

The bishop had won his first test of strength. He must now meet his next one in the presence of Monsignor Zubiría. Delegating Fr. Machebeuf to act for him in his absence, and giving orders that a school for the teaching of English be established at Santa Fe without delay, he rode out on a mule in late September for the downriver road, the deserts of Chihuahua, the mountains of Durango, and the episcopal city fifteen hundred miles away. With him he took only a guide—and Vicar Ortiz, who must hear in person the decision of the old bishop.

In Santa Fe, Machebeuf saw a one-story town built of adobes—earthen bricks plastered over with more earth. Threading away from the long central plaza, the principal streets, about a mile long, were irregularly parallel to the Santa Fe creek which came

from the Sangre de Cristo mountains on the east. Five or six thousand people lived in the capital. Most were Mexican, and Mexican ways prevailed—though already a commercial briskness had come over the local life since the immigration of settlers from the eastern United States. Trade was lively. Gambling, drinking and dancing, in both American and Mexican styles, animated the public airs of evening. The city lay at seven thousand feet of altitude under changeable glories of sky and mountain-light. Its social character was little modified since its foundation, in 1610, in isolation, pride and originality of style called forth by an independence which at times was hard to distinguish from a sense of being forgotten by home governments and distant bishops.

This is a country of ancient Catholicity [wrote Machebeuf in his first impressions]. The people in general show the best dispositions. . . . But alas! the great obstacle to the good which the bishop is disposed to do among them, does not come from the people but from the priests themselves, who do not want the bishop, for they dread reform in their morals, or a change in the selfish relations with their parishioners. One of the great neglects of the priests of New Mexico is that they seldom or never preach.

Then, having seen how they lived, Machebeuf added in wrath, "But how could such priests preach?" Having studied Spanish on his way to the West, he preached as best he could in Spanish at his Sunday Mass.

The bishop was home in time for Christmas. He had much to tell his great friend. The trip—*incroyable*. In due course Fr. Machebeuf himself would be obliged to travel in that kingdom of space where there was no such thing as a short journey; then he would know what the bishop had endured. But to the important thing: Bishop Zubiría had renounced any claim to New Mexico. He examined Lamy's papal bull, and at once said, "I knew nothing about it officially." Under the circumstances, how could he, or his clergy in turn, have submitted to another prelate? But "this document is sufficient authority for me," he said with grace, "and I submit to it." The new bishop breathed easily at last. For those few minutes, his incredible journey had proved worthwhile. Vicar Ortiz also was satisfied. Monsignor Zubiría ordered the preparation of papers in which he renounced his jurisdiction over the vast northern province.

Promptly upon Lamy's return, Bishop Zubiría's instrument of

renunciation was posted for all to see. Any of the clergy who refused to accept it, and any who did not mend their ways, were released from their duties to depart from New Mexico. To those who remained the new bishop and his vicar general served as examples. It was time to go to work.

Most of the native priests responded with obedience, but in a few cases the bishop was forced to resort to severe measures. The pastors of Albuquerque, Taos and Arroyo Hondo defied him in various degrees of disobedience. When after repeated warnings they persisted in their defiance, the bishop acted to suspend them from priestly functions and even, in two cases, to excommunicate them. Fr. Machebeuf was sent in each instance to execute the bishop's sentence. "It is always the way," he sighed in obedience, "Bishop Lamy is always sure to send me when there is a bad case to be settled; I am always the one to whip the cats—*fouetter les chats*."

The recusant pastors had their partisans and in Taos, particularly, followers of Fr. José Antonio Martínez threatened an outbreak like the Taos Rebellion of 1847 with its bloodshed, and citizens remembered that Fr. Martínez was said to have been one of the influential rebels of that earlier tragedy. But Vicar General Machebeuf too had powerful friends in Taos—one of whom was Kit Carson. "I am a man of peace," said Carson, "and my motto is: good will to all; I hate disturbances among the people, but I can fight a little yet, and I know of no better cause to fight for than my family, my church, and my friend the Señor Vicario."

When the vicar general came to do his duty his friends saw to it that armed men were stationed about the village to defend him and his mission. He accomplished it from the altar of Taos in a scene of great tenseness, and a week later repeated it at Arroyo Hondo. Peace held. The bishop never again was forced to show what such cases of discipline showed—that the clergy must be worthy of their vocations, and that there was strength in the new administration of the Church in New Mexico.

To fulfil his vision of his duty, the young bishop had to proceed from the abstraction of a map to the reality of his people and their far-separated places on the great open land. He crossed desert and mountain travelling tens of thousands of miles on mule or

horse, making the hard country yield up to him its blind ways. Machebeuf, too, often went into the country as a simple missioner. Between them they tried to rectify the neglect of centuries. When new friends whom he travelled to serve asked where he lived, Machebeuf would reply, "In the saddle . . . they call me El Vicario Andando, the Travelling Vicar, and I live on the public highway." Lamy could say the same.

Once on a visit to an Indian town the bishop was obliged by his good manners to eat a piece of a butchered dog that had been dragged out before him as a special delicacy. In his saddle-bag he usually kept "bread, crackers and a few hard-boiled eggs." For the rest, as he once said, he lived on the "fat of the land," by which he meant *el bendito frijole, y el santo atole*—"the blessed bean and the holy porridge." His duties sent him east and west by wagon several times on the Santa Fe Trail.

In 1852 his wagon overtook a larger train of twenty-five others bound for New Mexico with merchandise from St. Louis for the five Spiegelberg brothers whom he had already come to know in Santa Fe where their famous emporium on the plaza did a thriving business. As the bishop approached he saw that the wagon train was halted. Someone from the train was being carried by Mexican teamsters into an abandoned sod hut. It was Levi Spiegelberg, they explained, and they were sure he had cholera. Out of fear, they refused to travel with him. The bishop went to Levi without hesitation and said to him, "Good friend, we willingly make room for you in our covered wagon and will nurse you until you regain your strength, for we could not think of leaving you here in this lonely prairie cabin. We do not believe you have cholera, and [even] if you [have] we are not afraid of contagion." The bishop and the priests who accompanied him took care of the sick man who was cured in a week.

Two months later when they all arrived in Santa Fe the story was told to the other Spiegelberg brothers—handsome and cultivated men—and ever afterward the whole family and the bishop were devoted friends. On a later prairie voyage—in 1867—cholera actually did strike the bishop's train, and two of his party died, including a young American nun. During her illness the train was attacked at the Arkansas River crossing by three hundred Comanche Indians. For three hours they continued their attack, circling in single file about the parked wagons and keeping

up a steady fire. Among the wagoners who fought back was the bishop, who handled a musket.

For his duties required him to excel in the frontiersman's craft, and many a night going alone on missionary journeys he slept "under the moon," as he said, and sometimes he crossed as many as seventy-five miles without water, and often he walked in order to rest his horse. The prairies he called "beautiful and vast," even with their dangers. His first venture into Arizona covered three thousand miles and lasted six months, and he said his Christmas Mass there on a snow-covered slope of a mountain forest. After his long pastoral journeys to Colorado, he told of its cold heights, its great rivers pounding out of the mountains into wide valleys, like the San Luis, where in his time farmers came in swelling numbers to raise cereals. Sometimes abroad in winter he found it necessary to walk up and down all night by a campfire to escape freezing to death. Only too often, taken ill on his lonely journeys, he fought to overcome his body's weakness with his strong will. And knowing his immense land in the same terms as any other frontiersman, he loved it the more for seeking out, and surviving, its hazard and its challenge.

As a veteran of frontier life the bishop could show its ways to the young priests whom he persuaded through the years to come from the seminaries of Europe and eastern America. The first lesson was simple. One time he received at Santa Fe a party of young Frenchmen newly ordained. They had travelled from Le Havre for seventy-one days when he welcomed them. They were amazed at his "affable simplicity," for of a Lord Bishop they expected the grand manner. He gave them their first supper at his own table. They were excited over their arrival and eager to work, and feeling at home, as one of them said, "commenced to speak like Frenchmen, and, of course, exclusively in French." The bishop interrupted them.

"Gentlemen," he said formally, "you do not know, it seems, that two languages only are necessary here—the Spanish, which is spoken generally by the people of this territory, and the English, which is the language of the Government. Make your choice between the two, for the present, but leave your French parley for the country you have come from."

The young men were abashed and fell silent, eating "with as little noise as possible, and with a kind of lost appetite." The

bishop watched them for a moment as chastened they bent their heads over his table to take his fare. Remembering what it was to be young, without experience, in a strange place, he felt a pang of compunction, and breaking into laughter he reopened the conversation—in French.

(*To be concluded*)

## GRADUS AD CAELESTIA

By

C. C. MARTINDALE

**T**HREE WAS ONCE a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, which proposed to help youth's faltering footsteps up the mountain of the Muses. I don't think I found it of any service. There was too a fashion of taking the public into confidence about "Books that have Influenced me": thus acknowledgment was made for help received along the hilly road to success, personal or professional. And there have been many accounts of the roads by which, thank God, the writers climbed to Rome. But these accounts nearly always began, it seemed to me, from something experienced in adult years, and therefore, presumably worth attending to. I hope I shall not be thought frivolous if I recall certain books that I read and re-read when I was ten or twelve and which I am sure have "mattered" to me. They were: Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*; the *Ingoldsby Legends*; Lord Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii* and Rider Haggard's *Cleopatra*.

Of course, there had been plenty of books before that—Jules Verne and *The Arabian Nights* in my nursery; almost all Harrison Ainsworth, I think, at my pre-preparatory school; a tremendous dose of that admirable writer Henty, and *King Solomon's Mines*, which made any properly constituted boy want to be a Zulu chief; and no doubt they each, in its way, ministered to that mixture of pirate, pig and poet which boys were said to be. But *The Tale of Two Cities* was different. Of course, the guillotine and the knitting women thrilled my bloodthirsty instincts, but

*The Tower of London* and the headsman's axe had sufficiently inoculated me, and I was getting over the period when skeletons, or corpses rotting from gibbets over marshes, or even Edgar Allan Poe had glutted any ghoulish greed for the macabre. But the *Tale* took me to France towards which I'd always had a trend: I was never allowed to talk English till dinner-time; and I infinitely preferred French fairy-tales to English: had I known the word "civilised," that is what I should have applied to them—they took children seriously, and neither giggled nor preached. I could leave to one side the "story" (I always did, in Dickens—*Sidney Carton* and "all that") and exult in Miss Pross, Jerry Cruncher, Mr. Lorry, and allow Dickens's distorting lenses to dissolve, and look into and feel myself in a real France, and—this is the point—I knew well there were some good *aristos* and also felt a desperate sorrow for the unhappy underdog, which no domestic exhortation to be "kind to the poor" ever made me feel. This lasted.

Of course, the macabre (like that alarming book: *The Headless Horseman*, which I read in an extremely old Cumberland house and was enchanted to find, forty years later, in the same place on the same shelf) was an ante-room to the mysterious, if not to the mystic, an affinity which exists in the poet-part of every boy till it is stamped flat by education. Now *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Cleopatra* have in common the mysterious worship of the goddess Isis. True, the former had for climax the eruption of Vesuvius (which I wanted to reproduce with fireworks in my model theatre; but I was forbidden to do so, "for fear you might set something on fire," etc.), but I knew that Vesuvius and its lava were *real*, having watched them from Sorrento, when I was still impressionable, at the age of four. But *Cleopatra* made me want to learn Egyptian hieroglyphics chiefly for their own sake but also to annoy my family by knowing something they didn't. Still, to have seen a real Vesuvius and to decipher real obelisks in the British Museum showed me that there was a "real reality" behind those exciting stories and made it contemporary. Not only were there real worshippers of Isis but a real *Book of the Dead*, so that ghosts had not always been "mere ghosts" but souls, and so there must be real souls now. "Sunt aliquid Manes," cried Propertius, on the strength of a vivid dream of Cynthia, "et mors non omnia finit." (Certainly I read that later, but the

earlier impression made was no less strong.) What though "souls" became real for me by way of the Egyptian *Ka*, flitting around the now immovable mummy? What if it seemed reasonable and right that Osiris should be king among the dead, and that the apparatus of the Judgment should convincingly present itself to me in terms of the human heart being solemnly weighed against the sign of Truth? After all, my upbringing had furnished me with no eschatological imagery, so to say, and it never occurred to me that the tremendous visions and august music of the *Apocalypse* had anything to do with *me*. Looking back, I have asked myself why my quasi-cult of Isis in no way led up to any idea of Our Lady. One reason was, I think, that Isis was too much mixed up with priestly conjuring tricks, amusing enough, but, after all, tricks, and militating *against* reality. Not, of course, that I had then read *The Golden Ass* by Apuleius, in which a truly sublime Isiac mysticism exists side by side with crass obscenity. But Osiris and the absolute purity of heart required for the "Hidden World" implied no trickery. I was very fond of optical illusions and took trouble to find out how to do them by means of mirrors, but instinctively I didn't want them to be mixed up with what could (I suppose) be in a true sense called religion. However, Our Lady did, if I may so put it, peep into my awareness even by way of print (which is all I am talking of now). I was devoted to Milton's hymn about the Nativity of Christ, not at all because of its real subject, nor only because of its glorious music, but because of the stanzas beginning: "The Oracles are dumb," since these linked me up with the mysterious rituals of antiquity—so much more real to me than what went on in the school chapel. But at the very end Milton said: "But see, the Virgin blest—Hath laid her Babe to rest: Time is my tedious song should here have ending." I certainly felt that Milton had said what he could; he had shut the door, but had just opened a new one towards a reality into which he did not proceed to lead me.

Some of *Ingoldsby Legends* I read over and over again, chiefly in the sick-room where I so often was. I felt they were somehow different in kind from those other books: of course, I did not know how bogus they are—whatever were the mistakes in Lytton's book, I would not have minded; I knew there *was* a Vesuvius and I could walk about in his Pompeii, and I could even get back into a real France which was not Dickens's; and though

I took no interest in Cleopatra herself (not that I thought: "How different the home life of our dear Queen" . . .) I was sure I could find myself in the Egypt which built the pyramids and created the almost hypnotising Sphinx of whom I drew endless portraits; and Anubis and Thoth and Ptah stalked through my waking dreams. Certainly the *Legends* fed my love for heraldry; but I had lived in a real "Tappington Hall" which made me feel what a sham house Mr. Barham pretended to know; and the author kept spoiling his macabre by intruding his facetiousness (I'm afraid I may have thought it really funny, but I thought his puns were feeble) and I disliked his self-righteous comments. One story, however, worked itself into my imagination, about young Hamilton Tighe, whose stepmother caused his head to be shot off in a naval engagement. Ever afterwards, all concerned with this crime saw "a man sitting there with his head on his knees." And suddenly, inserted into that coarse late-Georgian world, came the lines: "Oh the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll—And the mass shall be said for my stepson's soul . . . *Orate pro anima Hamilton Tighe!*" I had no idea of what "mass" was, but I was sure that if indeed the lady sat there "and talked to a man with never a head," something should be done for poor Hamilton's *Ka*, unable to rest or to allow anyone else to do so. No doubt the *Legends* accustomed me to a set of people called "Saints," but no one will expect that book to have associated any idea of holiness with them: and anyhow they, like ruined monasteries, belonged to a past in which no one now really believed.

There were plenty of other books, but none, I think, that left a dent upon my mind save no doubt Longfellow, but a world behind the poems. It is right that a boy should be imaginative and even now and again, sentimental, for the time soon comes (or did, then) when he no more dares to confess that he so much as finds anything beautiful. So I am not ashamed to say that I liked Longfellow, and am puzzled why the *Golden Legend* had no religious effect on me at all. Perhaps I enjoyed it too much as a play, parts of which I could produce in my theatre (do children have model theatres any more? At least they involved one's making things instead of only watching!). One line only got under the surface—from the *Dance of Death* on the roof of the covered bridge in Lucerne—"And Death, meanwhile, is putting out the candles on the Altar." From the whole of *Evangeline* I

remembered only the two-line prayer beginning: "Sacred Heart of the Saviour . . ." It sank at once beneath the surface till it abruptly reappeared some years later. There were, however, two sonnets translated from Lope de Vega which exerted a sort of magic, especially the one beginning: "Shepherd, who with Thine amorous sylvan song . . ." I remember finding those two adjectives rather odd: but the sonnet as a whole certainly planted the crucifix unshakeably before me.

With Longfellow, something specifically Christian was reached, yet not *more* intimately my own than what those other books had contributed. On the other hand, what those other books, pagan or neutral, contributed did become my own, in fact, myself, in a way in which what I was officially taught at home or at school did not. That belonged to "Them," and remained "Theirs" even when they handed out as much of it as they thought would be good for me. What matters is when your self comes alive, and what is interesting (though it may not matter!) is what made it do so, or, as we now can say, through what chinks and crannies the Holy Spirit, *Dominus Vivificans*, first inbreathed Himself. The beginning of a conversion is often assigned to the reading of a book, the shock of an argument, the encounter with some definite person. But still, there must be something already present to make one so much as interested in the book, ready to yield to (or resist) the argument, to succumb to or defy the personality. Grace is always first in the field; and since I read no controversial books till much later, argued with no one, and met no Catholics, I cannot but ask myself *why*, before any crisis occurred, I found myself ill at ease in any save a Catholic climate, unable really to breathe any but a Catholic atmosphere. And if we are reminded that we should not rely on instincts, impressions, or emotions—well, one really can't ask an eleven-year-old to be so very rational! And the crucial question is, why were those impressions the right ones? The books (and I have been speaking only of impressions made through books) could quite easily have stimulated me to sensuality, cynicism, even sadism. But they didn't. And though I'm not now much inclined to worship Isis or to brood upon decapitated saints, I shall always be grateful to Lord Lytton, Rider Haggard, even Dickens, even the dubious Mr. Barham (R.I.P.) for helping me up not a few steps towards a better than Parnassus.

# ST. MALACHY OF ARMAGH

By

GERARD MURPHY

**S**T. MALACHY OF ARMAGH was a prominent leader in the reform of the Irish Church which took place in the early twelfth century. The two main sources for study of his life, the *Irish Annals* and St. Bernard's writings on him, are very different in their nature.<sup>1</sup>

The entries in the *Annals* are confined to a few bare facts, recorded without comment, but by annalists who must have fully understood the conditions of the Irish Church at the period. St. Bernard gives us infinitely more facts and personal details, but tends to overload them with comment. That this comment is often exaggerated in its condemnation is due probably to misunderstanding on his part of the peculiar conditions prevalent in the Irish Church in the early twelfth century.

"Which of you, brothers, would not earnestly desire to imitate Malachy's holiness, if he dared even to hope for such attainment?" These words were used by St. Bernard in his sermon to the brethren of Clairvaux on the day Malachy died among them, in the year 1148, while he was visiting Clairvaux on his way from Ireland to Rome. And in Chapter I of his *Life of Malachy* the same writer says, "Our Malachy, born in Ireland, of a barbarous people, was brought up there, and there received his education. But from the barbarism of his birth he contracted no taint, any more than the fishes of the sea from their native salt." St. Bernard does not seem to have asked himself whether it was likely that an Ireland so entirely barbarous could have produced a saint, educated wholly in Armagh, who could be offered to the brethren of Clairvaux as a model of holiness.

<sup>1</sup> For the historical framework see three scholarly articles by Fr. Aubrey Gwynn, S.J. ("Gwynn, I, II, and III"), in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (Nov. 1948, 961-78; Feb. 1949, 134-48; April 1949, 317-31). For citations without particular reference, cf. St. Bernard of Clairvaux's *Life of St. Malachy* (tr. by Dean H. J. Lawlor, 1920). Some statements concerning the Church of Armagh are based on *Measgra Mhichil Uí Chléirigh* (ed. Fr. S. O'Brien, O.F.M.), Dublin, Assisi Press (1944), 141 sq.

The Ireland in which St. Malachy was brought up was undoubtedly backward in civilisation. Its ecclesiastical organisation was peculiar. Moreover, as Fr. Aubrey Gwynn has pointed out, there was grave laxity in the country as a whole in the carrying out of essential points of the Christian life: "There were too few priests; the sacraments were neglected; the native Brehon law had corrupted the observance of the Church's matrimonial law." Nevertheless, in many of the old ecclesiastical centres there was a constant succession of bishops, priests, and men of sanctity; and everywhere faith and respect for the Church seem to have been the rule.

There was need, then, for reform—reform which should include not only the abolishing of obvious abuses, but the regularising of ecclesiastical organisation in accordance with the Roman model. That a Malachy should have appeared to take a prominent part in that reform, and that he and his helpers should have succeeded in bringing it about, is hardly, however, so surprising as St. Bernard would have us think.

Malachy, as he is known in English from the Latin form of his name, was born about the year 1094 in Armagh. His Irish name was Mael Maedoc Ua Morgair (The Servant of Aidan, Descendant of Morgar). He had at least one brother, Gilla Crist ("Christian"), who died in 1138 as Bishop of Clogher. He also had at least one sister. His father would appear to have been Mugron Ua Morgair, chief professor at Armagh, who died at the monastery of Mungret, near Limerick, in the year 1102. Malachy's parents, St. Bernard tells us,

were great both by descent and in power. . . . Moreover his mother, more noble in mind than in blood, took pains, "in the very beginning of his ways," to show to her child "the ways of life," esteeming such knowledge of more value to him than the empty knowledge of this world . . . In the schools he was taught learning, at home the fear of the Lord, and by daily progress he duly responded to both teacher and mother. For indeed he was endowed from the first with a good spirit, in virtue of which he was a docile boy and very lovable, wonderfully gracious to all in all things.

That the gift of prayer which was so characteristic of Malachy in later life was his from an early period is shown by the following anecdote of his childhood:

There is a hamlet near the city [of Armagh] in which the boy

studied, whither his teacher was wont to go often, accompanied by him alone. When they were going there both together, as he related afterwards, he would step back, stop a moment, and standing behind his teacher, when he was not aware of it, spread forth his hands towards heaven and quickly send forth a prayer, as if it were a dart.

When Malachy was about twelve years old an important event took place in his native city. Cellach Úa Sínaig, *comarba Pátraic* ("heir of Patrick") and hereditary lay abbot of Armagh, had himself consecrated bishop. This was an important move in that reform of the Irish Church in which Malachy himself was destined to play later a prominent part.

We know that from a very early date the Church of Armagh had conformed to the custom of Clonmacnois, Bangor, and Iona, according to which an abbot who was not a bishop exercised administrative authority, having a bishop under his control for the performance of functions such as ordination. A mere change at Armagh to the Clonmacnois and Iona system would in itself have been anomalous in Christendom, but might not perhaps have been regarded as gravely scandalous. A more serious abuse was to appear. In civil society in Ireland office and authority passed from relative to relative inside family groups. Something analogous to this was to be seen from the very beginning in the monastery of Iona, where genealogies prove that in choosing abbots preference was given to the founder's kin; and in time it came about that the abbatial succession in many monasteries had become confined to the members of some important family of the district. The family which, after more than a century of struggle, had succeeded in securing the abbatial succession at Armagh were known as the *clann Shínaig*, and were descended from a Sínach whose son Dub Dá Leithe died as abbot of Armagh in 793. Without any doubt from 965 (when the abbacy was assumed by a second Dub Dá Leithe, great-great-grandson of the first), and probably from an earlier date, the abbacy of Armagh had passed like an Irish lordship from each dead abbot of the *clann Shínaig* to a brother, son, nephew, or cousin. These Úa Sínaig abbots of Armagh, as St. Bernard truly says "were married men, and without orders, albeit men of letters."

St. Bernard regarded as "very evil," "devilish," "execrable," "wicked," and "worthy of punishment by any sort of death,"

this claim of the Úa Sínaig family to govern the Church of Armagh. To Irishmen accustomed to the principle of hereditary succession in all walks of life, including poetry, the custom of having hereditary lay protectors of the Church appears to have been regarded as something quite normal; and in practice it carried in itself the source from which its own reformation was to spring. Even St. Bernard admits that the aristocratic lay abbots of Armagh were "men of letters"; and, from many references in the annals which prove that they were held in high esteem all over Ireland and in particular were used frequently to act as peace-makers between warring kings, we may presume that their lives were at least not scandalous. Moreover, under their rule a constant succession of bishops, priests, anchorites, almoners, and professors, guaranteed that as well as the sacramental sources of grace Irishmen could find in honour in Armagh living models of the devout life and schools where their young men could study. At any suitable opportunity, therefore, a reawakened interest in the ways of the universal Church and a willing acceptance of grace might have been expected to have occurred in the primatial city.

Let us revert now to Cellach.<sup>1</sup> He had succeeded his grandfather Domnall as lay abbot of Armagh on Domnall's death in 1105. Cellach, it is clear, had already been convinced that the Irish Church ought to bring itself into conformity with the Church in the rest of Christendom. He was unmarried, and immediately after his succession offered himself for ordination to the priesthood. Some months later his subject bishop, Caínchomrac Úa Baígill, died, and a little later Cellach was consecrated bishop, "by direction of the men of Ireland," while he was visiting Munster as *comarba Pátraic* ("heir of Patrick"). The anomaly had come to an end. Armagh, chief see of Ireland, was once more under the rule of an "heir of Patrick" who was also a bishop. In the year 1111, after the reforming synod of Ráith Bresail, Cellach would have had the title of Archbishop, though the full recognition by Rome of archbishops in Ireland was not to come about till 1150, when Cardinal Johannes Paparo, two years after Malachy's death, brought four palls from Rome for the four principal Irish sees.

In the schools of Armagh, where, under the rule of Cellach, the

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn, I, 963.

spirit of the reform movement must have been strong, Malachy completed his education, which included study of the Latin Scriptures, always of primary importance in Irish ecclesiastical schools, and almost certainly exposition of tracts on Church organisation such as the *De Statu Ecclesiae* of Gilla Epscuip ("Gilbert"), Bishop of Limerick and Papal Legate in Ireland, who, with Máel Ísu Úa Ainmire ("Malchus"), Archbishop of Cashel, and others, was a leader of the reform movement while Malachy was a boy. There too he doubtless received instruction in the reading and writing of Irish; for many of the religious documents of the century, such as the devotional Passions and Homilies preserved in the *Lebor Brec* and the theological defence of the Real Presence contained in the poem beginning *A duine nách creit iar cóir* ("O man who believest not rightly"), are in the Irish language.

There is reason to believe that long before Malachy's time the ancient monastery of Armagh had come to resemble an Oxford college of the present day rather than a true monastery. Its community, apart from students at the Armagh schools, would have consisted almost entirely of office-holders, such as lay abbot, professor, bursar, almoner, guest-master, bishop, priest. Only a few of these would have been in orders. This community would have derived its revenues partly from lay tenants of the old monastic lands, whose tenancy was known in Irish law as *mainchine* or "monk tenancy," while the tenants themselves could be called *manaig* ("monks"). A succession of anchorites, sometimes perhaps surrounded by disciples, would, however, have ensured that the ascetic tradition of the early Irish Church was still kept alive. To one of these anchorites, Ímar Úa Áedacáin, Malachy betook himself, when he was perhaps a little more than twenty years of age, and from him received a rule of life. St. Bernard describes Malachy's early years with Ímar as follows:

The youth sat at the feet of Ímar. . . . And for a time he sat alone, because he had neither companion nor example; for who before Malachy even thought of attempting the severe discipline inculcated by this man? It was held by all indeed to be wonderful, but not imitable. Malachy showed that it was imitable by the mere act of sitting and keeping silence. In a few days he had imitators not a few, stirred by his example. So he who at first sat alone, and the only son of his father, became now one of many. . . . And as he was

before them in conversion, so was he more sublime than they in conversation; and he who came before all, in the judgment of all, was eminent above all in virtue. And he seemed both to his bishop [Cellach], and to his teacher [Ímar], worthy to be promoted to the rank of deacon; and they constrained him.

Fr. Gwynn<sup>1</sup> thinks it probable that Malachy was made deacon in the year 1118 at the age of twenty-four. As deacon he chose as a special work of charity "the burial of the dead poor, because that savoured not less of humility than of humanity." In this he was opposed by his sister, who,

abhorring the indignity, as it seemed to her, of his office, said: "What are you doing, madman? Let the dead bury their dead." And she attacked him daily with this reproach. But he answered the foolish woman according to her folly, "Wretched woman, you preserve the sound of the pure word, but you are ignorant of its meaning." So he continued on devoutly and exercised unweariedly the ministry [of deacon] which he had undertaken under compulsion. For that reason also they [Cellach and Ímar] deemed that the office of the priesthood should be conferred upon him. And this was done. But when he was ordained priest [c. 1119] he was about twenty-five years old.

In the next year (1120) Cellach had to leave Armagh on a primatial visitation of Munster followed by a prolonged residence in Dublin, where he was trying to ensure that that Norse city should definitely be regarded as belonging to the Church of Ireland rather than to the Church of England. Cellach left Malachy behind him as his vicar in Armagh. Malachy, whose sanctity had already been sufficiently proved, was now to give proof of that pastoral zeal and power which were ultimately to lead directly to his becoming Papal Legate and indirectly to his virtues becoming known to St. Bernard, but for whom we should be as ignorant of Malachy's personal life as we are of the personal lives of the many holy men who were his teachers and helpers in early twelfth-century Ireland. As Cellach's vicar,

Malachy made regulations full of righteousness, full of moderation and integrity. Moreover, in all churches he ordained the apostolic sanctions and the decrees of the holy fathers, and especially the customs of the Holy Roman Church. Hence it is that to this day there is chanting and psalmody in them at the canonical hours

after the fashion of the whole world. For there was no such thing before, not even in the city [of Armagh]. . . . Then Malachy instituted anew the most wholesome usage of confession, the sacrament of confirmation, the marriage contract—of all of which they were either ignorant or negligent.

Up till this period of his life, as Fr. Gwynn has pointed out, Malachy, so far as we can judge, had come into direct contact with no one but men who had been trained solely in the native Irish tradition. About the year 1122, after Cellach's return to Armagh, Malachy, with the permission of Cellach and Ímar, decided to seek further experience in the monastic way of life under the guidance of one who had been trained as a monk outside Ireland and was a well-known leader of the reform movement. This man was Máel Ísu Úa Ainnmire ("Malchus"), formerly Archbishop of Cashel, who now in his old age was ruling the monastic see of Lismore. Máel Ísu had in his youth been a Benedictine monk in the English monastery of Winchester and had been consecrated bishop by Saint Anselm of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup> During the year or two Malachy spent as a monk under the guidance of Máel Ísu he doubtless learnt much about canon law, diocesan administration, and the Benedictine rule, which later he was to introduce into Ireland in its Cistercian form. His stay in Lismore was cut short, however, by a summons from Armagh to refound the ancient monastery of Bangor, which for long had been but a monastery in name.

Bangor is situated in the diocese of Down; and it would appear that in the same year (1123) Malachy was made bishop of Down, of which the bishop had just died. With the help of ten monks from Ímar's community Malachy built a new monastery at Bangor, made of wood after the Irish custom, and ruled it for a short time before being called in 1124 to rule in addition the long vacant neighbouring see of Connor. "In an unceasing campaign of visitation and instruction," writes Fr. Gwynn,<sup>2</sup>

the new bishop made his way from one corner of the diocese [of Connor] to another. There was opposition at first, insults and reproaches, often hunger and fatigue. But even Bernard has to admit that the response was worthy of the appeal: barbarous laws disappeared, Roman laws were introduced; everywhere ecclesiastical customs were received and the contrary rejected; churches were

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn, I, 977-8.

<sup>2</sup> II, 143.

rebuilt and a clergy appointed to them; the sacraments were duly solemnised, confessions were made; the people came to the church, and those who were living in concubinage were united in lawful wedlock. In short all things were so changed that the word of the Lord may today be applied to this people: *Qui ante non populus meus nunc populus meus.*

War in east Ulster, where certain powerful families opposed Malachy's episcopal rule, put an end for a considerable time to his work in this region. He was forced to go south again, taking with him many of his Bangor helpers; and about the year 1127 we find him abbot of a community of one hundred and twenty monks in Iveragh, Co. Kerry, enjoying the patronage of Cormac MacCarthy, King of South Munster and builder of the well-known Hiberno-Romanesque church at Cashel, today known as Cormac's Chapel. This was to be Malachy's last experience of a purely monastic life of prayer and contemplation, which always attracted him beyond every other way of life:

There, as it were beginning anew, he—their bishop and their master—himself bore with greater zeal the burden of law and discipline which he laid on others. He himself in his turn did duty as cook; he himself served the brethren as they sat at table; nor did he suffer himself to be passed over among the brethren who succeeded one another as they sang or read in the church. In holy poverty he not only shared, but took the lead: *super omnes abundantius emulator existens.*

What were to be for Malachy the most trying years of his life were now approaching.<sup>1</sup> Those years were to end in the victory of the reform movement in Armagh. But for long the issue was uncertain, and there was no assurance of ultimate triumph to sweeten the bitterness of strife and opposition.

In 1129 Cellach Úa Sínaig, Archbishop of Armagh, fell ill. He felt that his end was near, and doubtless suspecting that when he died his family would try to ensure their claim to *comarbas Pátraic* (the inheritance of Patrick) he went south to consult with Malachy and to urge him, with the backing of the leaders of the reform, to consent to become Archbishop of the primatial see after his death. Cellach died at the monastery of Ardpatrick, Co. Limerick, before reaching Iveragh. Bernard tells us that

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn, III.

before his death he made some kind of testament (*fecit quasi testamentum*) to the effect that Malachy should be his successor, since none seemed more worthy.

Immediately on Cellach's death in 1129 Muirchertach Úa Sínaig, his first cousin once removed, was installed in the *comarbas Pátraic*, in full accord with Irish law. For three years Malachy, anxious to avoid strife, made no move. But in 1132 Máel Ísu of Lismore and the Papal Legate (Gilla Epscuip of Limerick),

tolerating no longer the adultery of the Church and the dishonour of Christ, called together the bishops and princes of the land, and came, in one spirit, to Malachy, prepared to use force. But he refused at first, pleading the difficulty of the project, the numbers, strength and ambition of that noble family [*clann Shínaig*], urging that it was a great venture for him, a poor man and of no account, to oppose himself to men so many, so great, of such sort, so deeply rooted, who for well-nigh two hundred years had held as by hereditary right the sanctuary of God, and now also had taken possession of it before him—that they could not be rooted out, not even at the cost of human life—and that it was not to his advantage that man's blood should be shed on his account—and lastly that he was joined to another spouse whom it was not lawful for him to put away.

But when they persisted eagerly in the contrary opinion, and cried out that the word had come from the Lord, and moreover ordered him with an anathema, he said: "You are leading me to death, but I obey in the hope of martyrdom; yet on this condition, that if, as you expect, the enterprise has good success, and God frees his heritage from those that are destroying it, all being then at length completed and the Church at peace, it may be lawful for me to return to my former spouse and friend, poverty, from which I am carried off, and to put in my place there another, if then one is found fit for it."

Till the death of Muirchertach in 1134, Malachy seems to have made no effort to take over the temporalities of the see but exercised his episcopal functions, so far as that was possible, outside the city of Armagh. On Muirchertach's death the favourers of the Úa Sínaig faction installed Cellach's brother Níall Úa Sínaig as *comarba Pátraic*. Malachy felt bound to oppose Níall more actively than he had opposed Muirchertach. The story of the next three years is a confused one, which has more to do with Irish history than with the life of a saint. It is probable that

Domnall Úa Cerbaill, king of Oriel, supported Malachy, while, at first at least, Conchobar Úa Lochlainn, king of Cenél nEógain, supported the *clann Shínaig*; and it is clear that Malachy's life was more than once in danger at the hands of the Úa Sínaig faction. Finally, in 1137, Níall withdrew from the contest, and Malachy, now that he had won victory for the reform, resigned the see in favour of Gilla Meic Líac, who for sixteen years previously had been abbot of the ancient Columban monastery of Derry. Gilla Meic Líac ruled Armagh peacefully till his death in 1175, and no further attempt was ever made by *clann Shínaig* to interfere in ecclesiastical affairs.

For ten years, ever since Malachy had been forced to leave Bangor in 1127, the sees of Down and Connor in east Ulster had been without a bishop. Malachy now arranged for a special bishop to be consecrated for Connor. He himself ruled Down. The "convent of regular clerics," which Bernard tells us he established there, was almost certainly the monastery of Bangor, his first foundation, which had been destroyed during the troubles of 1127. In this reconstituted monastery of Bangor Malachy, in accordance with the arrangement he had made when he entered into the contest for the primacy, hoped to be free to practise once more

the humility of holy poverty, the rigour of monastic discipline, the quietness of contemplation and continuance in prayer. But all these things for a long time he was able to maintain rather in will than in deed. For all men came to him. Not only obscure persons, but also nobles and magnates hastened to commit themselves to his wisdom and holiness for instruction and correction. And he himself meanwhile went about . . . disposing and decreeing with all authority concerning ecclesiastical affairs like one of the Apostles.

It is clear indeed that Malachy was now regarded as the leading figure in the Church of Ireland, whom kings and churchmen constantly consulted where ecclesiastical affairs were concerned.

It seemed to him, however, that one could not go on doing these things with sufficient security without the authority of the Apostolic See; and for that reason [in 1139] he determined to set out for Rome, and most of all because the metropolitan see [of Armagh] still lacked, and from the beginning had lacked, the use of the pall, which is the fullness of honour. And it seemed good in his eyes that the church [of Armagh], for which he had laboured so much, should

acquire, by his zeal and labour, that privilege which hitherto it had not had. There was also another metropolitan see [Cashel], which Cellach had constituted anew, though subject to the first see and to its archbishop as primate. For it also Malachy no less desired the pall, and that the prerogative which it had attained by the gift of Cellach should be confirmed by the authority of the Apostolic See.

Malachy passed from Ireland to Scotland. From Scotland he went southwards through England. At York, St. Waltheof, stepson of David I of Scotland, added a pack-horse to the three horses which till then had been the only animals possessed by Malachy, the five priests, and the many lesser clerics who were accompanying him. On his way through France Malachy visited St. Bernard at Clairvaux, primarily doubtless, as Dean Lawlor has suggested, to secure that great churchman's support for the petition which he was about to present to the Pope. In 1140 Malachy reached Rome, where Pope Innocent II showed his approval of him by appointing him Papal Legate for Ireland:

"But regarding the palls," said the chief Pontiff, "more formal action must be taken. You must call together the bishops and clerics and magnates of the land and hold a general council; and so, with the assent and common desire of all, you shall demand the pall by persons of honourable repute, and it shall be given you." Then he took his mitre from his own head and placed it on Malachy's head; and more, he gave him the stole and maniple which he was accustomed to use in the offering; and saluting him with the kiss of peace he dismissed him, strengthened with the apostolic blessing and authority.

On his return journey Malachy again visited Clairvaux:

And leaving there four of his most intimate companions [writes St. Bernard] he departed; and they, when they were proved and found worthy, were made monks. After a time, when the saint was now in his own country, he sent others, and they were dealt with in like manner. And when they had been instructed for some time . . . the holy brother Christian [Gilla Críst Úa Con Doirche], who was one of themselves, was given to them to be their father, and we sent them out, adding from our own a sufficient number for an abbey. And this abbey [Mellifont, near Drogheda] conceived and bore five daughters, and the seed being thus multiplied the number of monks increases from day to day according to the desire and prophecy of Malachy.

Malachy's previous foundations in Ireland had probably been

ruled more or less in accordance with traditions inherited from Ímar and the ancient Irish Church. Mellifont, and the five daughter-houses mentioned by St. Bernard, were the first monasteries of the Cistercian order in Ireland. The Cistercian order, which follows the Benedictine rule, therefore rightly looks upon Malachy as its Irish founder.

Either on his outward or his homeward journey Malachy also visited Arrouaise in Flanders, where he seems to have likewise left companions to accustom themselves to the way of life of Canons Regular of St. Augustine. As Legate he recommended that nearly all clerics connected with cathedral churches (including doubtless his own community of Bangor) should follow the rule of the Arroasian Canons. Malachy may also therefore be regarded as the founder of Canons Regular of St. Augustine in Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

Of the saint's eight years as Papal Legate Bernard has much to say. What above all impressed him was the fact that as Malachy travelled over the country presiding at councils, instituting reforms, and everywhere honoured by reason of his high office, his zeal, his sanctity, and his miracles, he remained devoted to poverty: "When he went out to preach he was accompanied by others on foot; and he himself, though bishop and Legate, also went on foot. That was the apostolic rule; and it is the more to be admired in Malachy because it is too rare in others."

In 1148, during the pontificate of Eugene III, a synod was held at Inis Phádraig (an island off Skerries, Co. Dublin) at which formal application was made for the palls in accordance with the instructions Innocent II had given Malachy. With this authority to support him Malachy again set out for Rome. On 2 November, 1148, however, before he had reached Rome, he died at Clairvaux, surrounded by the community of that monastery along with St. Bernard himself and many other abbots.

Later ages have attributed to Malachy prophecies which did not really emanate from him. St. Bernard does, however, mention several dreams of a prophetic nature which Malachy had, and he cites many miracles attributed to him, usually of healing. But, in St. Bernard's judgment,

the first and greatest miracle that Malachy exhibited was himself. For, to say nothing of his inner man (the beauty, strength and purity

<sup>1</sup> See *Irish Historical Studies*, IV (1945), "The Arroasian Order in Medieval Ireland," by Fr. P. J. Dunning, C.M., pp. 300-7.

of which is sufficiently proved by his habits and life), he so bore himself even outwardly . . . that absolutely nothing appeared in him which could offend beholders. . . . In Malachy who, though he observed with unusual care, ever detected, I will not say an idle word, but an idle nod? Who ever knew his hand or his foot to move without purpose? . . . Everything in him was under discipline, everything a mark of virtue, a rule of perfection. Always he was grave, but not austere, relaxing at times, but never careless . . . quiet often, but by no means at any time idle. From the first day of his conversion to the last day of his life, he lived without personal possessions. He had neither menservants nor maidservants, nor villages nor hamlets, nor in fact any revenues, ecclesiastical or secular, even when he was a bishop . . . for he had not even a house of his own. . . . There was nothing in his food, nothing in his clothing, by which Malachy could be distinguished from the rest of the brethren, to such a degree did he who was greatest humble himself in all things.

## REUNION AS A POLITICAL PROBLEM

By

J. H. CREHAN

**I**N THE ABSENCE of a written constitution the Coronation Orders of England are a most valuable source of the political theory which from age to age may be held to have inspired the work of government. In these Orders the formulation of the oath taken by the Sovereign is a point at which it becomes necessary to state in terms as free as may be from ambiguity the relationship which it is hoped will exist between Crown, Church and people. In spite of their obvious advantage for the historian it is only recently that these Coronation Orders have come into their own, and it has been remarked, for instance, that the most original part of a recent history of William and Mary has been the discussion

of the ideas that underlay the Act (1 W. and M., c. 6) which directed the two Sovereigns to swear that they would uphold "the true profession of the gospel and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law."

From the time of Henry VIII, with the introduction of the royal headship of the church, it becomes much more necessary to state with the most careful accuracy the relationship of the two powers in this Coronation Oath. Henry himself, working with characteristic scrupulosity over the text which he had himself sworn to, put into words the tremendous change which he had introduced into the constitutional fabric of England by the following rewording. Whereas he had himself undertaken:

that he shall kepe and mayntene the right and the libertees of holie churche of olde tyme graunted by the rightuous Cristen Kinge of Englond . . . and that he shall kepe the peax of the holie churche and of the clergie and of the people. . . .

he planned that his successors should swear a different oath, to kepe and mayntene the lawfull right and libertees of olde tyme graunted by the rightuous Cristen Kinge of Englond to the holie churche of Inglonde not preiudyciall to hys Jurysdycction and dignite royll . . . and that he shall indevore hym self to kepe unite in hys clergie and temporall subiect. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Henry thought that he had thus translated into the language of ritual the Reformation settlement as he had devised it, making it now part of the royal prerogative to grant as a favour the only liberty which the Church of England might enjoy. His newly-devised oath does not seem to have been used when it came to the turn of Edward VI, for the oath then used was very brief and confined itself to very general undertakings, the constitutional theory of the time being expressed rather in the sermon which Cranmer preached at the Coronation.

The Stuart kings being somewhat unsure of their footing at the outset, James I kept to a formula which had at least the semblance of a bilateral undertaking, and in which King and Church exchanged pledges. James was asked:

Will you keep peace and agreement entirely (according to your power) both to God, the Holy Church, the Clergy and the people?

<sup>1</sup> This was printed, with a facsimile, by Sir H. Ellis in his *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. I, pp. 176-177, from the document which is in Henry's own hand.

By the time of James II this part of the oath had become:

Will you keep peace and godly agreement intirely, according to your power, to the Holy Church, the Clergy and the people?<sup>1</sup>

It may have been thought tactful by Sancroft, who revised the whole service for James II, to omit any clause which might commit James in a Protestant coronation to a sworn statement about his relations to God, for these were after all a matter for the Catholic Church whose faith James professed. (It is known that James sought canonical opinion before taking part in the Coronation, and that he insisted on the omission of the whole of the Communion service.) But along with the simple profession of peace with the Church there went, for the Stuart kings, another exchange with the bishops which is ironically called an admonition, addressed to the king immediately after the oath, whereby the bishops sought pardon of the king and the royal protection. At the coronation of James I this request was made in Latin only, but when James II was crowned the petition was Englished thus:

We beseech you to pardon us, and to grant and preserve unto us, and the Churches committed to our charge, all canonical privileges and due law and justice, and that you will protect and defend us, as every good King in his kingdom ought to be protector and defender of the bishops and churches under their government.

To which James replied:

I promise and grant to you my pardon; and that I will preserve and maintain to you, and the churches committed to your charge, all canonical privileges and due law and justice; and that I will be your protector and defender to my power, by the assistance of God, as every good King in his kingdom ought in right to protect. . . .

The pardon and protection here extended to the bishops might by the sanguine be construed as an acceptance by the King of a free Church in his kingdom, but the spirit of passive obedience then so widespread among the clergy robbed the declaration of most of its value. When one recalls that in the medieval Coronation Service this was the point at which the Archbishop spoke the Admonition to the King, telling him to show due regard for the

<sup>1</sup> The oath of James I is given by C. Wordsworth in *The Coronation of Charles I* (1892) Appendix VI, p. 114. That of James II is to be found in F. Sandford's *History of the Coronation of James II* (1687) p. 89 or in Appendix I of J. Wickham Legg's *Three Coronation Orders* (1900) p. 65.

ecclesiastical status of the bishops, who stood nearer to the altar of God than himself, it is easy to see that the exchange of pledges practised in Stuart times was but a shadow of the medieval practice.

It was, however, a merit of the Stuart Coronations that they kept up the old language about "canonical privileges"; when William's turn comes, there is no longer any mention of these. In 1689 the great lords had little sympathy for the niceties of canon law, the view having by that time become widespread that canon law could not be binding upon a layman and concerned the clergy alone. In the service devised for 1689 William and Mary were asked:

Will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realme, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law doe or shall appertain to them?<sup>1</sup>

If anyone had inquired: "By what law? By statute law, or by canon law!" he would not have been welcomed for his question. Just at this time John Evelyn was writing that, "a Parliament of brave and worthy patriots may produce a kind of new creation amongst us," and it is remarkable that the Anglican Church is not given any further definition in the Archbishop's question to the King and Queen than by the words, "bishops and clergy of this realme." The words indicate rather a set of individuals than a corporate body. The wording of this question was carefully laid down by Act of Parliament. Compton, Bishop of London, had most to do with the revision of the Coronation Service, but the wording of the oath was laid down by the Act which received the royal assent on 9 April, 1689, just two days before the Coronation. Much debate had gone to its making, and the turn of phrase cannot be due to chance. The hope that the Dissenters would speedily be brought into a United Church of England is the most obvious explanation of the studied vagueness of the wording.

In the Coronation of Charles I there had been a significant addition to the oath, at the point where the Sovereign had to swear to keep the laws, customs and franchises granted to the clergy by Edward the Confessor. Here, according to the manuscript copy which Charles held in his hand at the time, the King had to add the words:

<sup>1</sup> *Three Coronation Orders*, p. 19.

according to the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospell established in this Kingdome and agreeable to the Prerogative of the Kings thereof and the ancient Customes of this Realm.<sup>1</sup>

This was a sufficient designation of the Anglican settlement of Church and State as understood in 1626, for it set out the dependence of the Church upon Scripture alone as rule of faith and it safeguarded the royal supremacy over the Church. But in 1689 other matters were in view, and it was not so much that a compact with the Anglican Church was being entered into, but rather that a preliminary position was being taken up which would make possible the gathering in of the Dissenters—if all went well in the theological discussions—and the forming of one comprehensive Church of England. The Anglican Primate was boycotting the Coronation and many of the bishops with him; it would hardly appeal to William that he should guarantee to the absentees a protection which they did not trouble to ask him for and which he knew they must secretly abominate. Hence in 1689 this clause is no longer found, though one can catch its echo.

The preamble to the Act for establishing the Coronation Oath, which was the essential preliminary—equally with the Bill of Rights—to the Coronation of William and Mary, recited how the need had arisen for a change of wording:

Forasmuch as the oath it selfe on such occasion administered hath heretofore beene framed in doubtfull words and expressions with relation to ancient laws and constitutions at this time unknowne, . . . may it please your Majesties that it may be enacted . . . by the King and Queens most excellent Majestyes, by and with the consent of the Lords . . . and Commons. . . .<sup>2</sup>

There was something Pickwickian about this royal enacting of a measure that was to make both William and Mary truly royal, but the Whigs were dull dogs in those days and betrayed no sign of amusement or even of embarrassment at their own proceedings. What the doubtful expressions were may be judged when one compares with the clause just cited from the Coronation Order of Charles I the wording of the new declaration:

Will you to the utmost of your power maintaine the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospell and the Protestant reformed religion established by law?

One can hear the echo of one phrase from the oath of Charles,

<sup>1</sup> *The Coronation of Charles I*, p. 19.    <sup>2</sup> *Halsbury's Statutes* (1948), Vol. 4, p. 150.

but now "the true profession of the Gospell" has been flanked by a more precise description of a religion which is Protestant and reformed. If the words had been "evangelical and reformed," one would have clear evidence of a desire to produce a hybrid religion, a cross between the Lutheran and Calvinist varieties that prevailed on the Continent. But while it is quite likely that Dutch William understood "reformed" to connote the Calvinism in which he had been brought up, he could not so easily have taken "Protestant" to mean "Lutheran." What did it mean? A doubt was voiced by Sir Henry Capel during the debates that led up to the enactment of this legislation, when he asked whether it was the intention to set up a new religion, distinct from the Church of England, by this new designation. The doubt was not unwarranted.

Among modern attempts to put a construction upon the words of this oath that of Mr. Ogg is the most elaborate. He would have it that "by Reformed they (the drafting Committee) meant the Elizabethan settlement, when some of the most characteristic doctrines of Calvinism had been embodied in the XXXIX Articles," and that the term "Protestant" bore two shades of meaning, since "it may have been adopted simply as the widest possible expression to denote those churches of Western Europe which were uncompromisingly opposed to Rome," or else "it may also have had some reference to Henry VIII's Reformation."<sup>1</sup> The words would thus have reference to the past and would provide a description of the Anglican Church that would rule out any possibility of casuistry in favour of crypto-Catholicism. If, however, the Act looked to the future, then there would be the possibility of a somewhat different interpretation. In the Protestant Comprehension Bill which originated in the Lords on 11 March, 1689, Burnet had managed (on 4 April) to insert a declaration, to be made by all holders of ecclesiastical benefices, to the effect that:

I submit to the present constitution of the Church of England; I acknowledge that the doctrine of it contains in it all things necessary for salvation, and I will conform myself to the worship and the government thereof, as established by law. . . .<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *England in the Reign of James II and William III*, by D. Ogg, pp. 237-238.

<sup>2</sup> The draft of the Protestant Comprehension Bill was printed from the House of Lords Journals by the Hist. MSS. Commission in *Twelfth Report*, Appendix VI,

thus making sure that future admission to benefices would depend on the candidate's approval of whatever changes were contemplated in the Church of England. Even though the Bill was dropped in the Commons after its first reading, the circumstances of its drafting and the fact that it was being discussed at the very time of the composition of the royal oath together show that there may have been an intention in the devisers of that oath to make the royal declaration suit the conditions of the Church of England as it would be when they had secured the passage of their Comprehension Bill. Like men who seek to buy as a site for their new building two contiguous houses held by different owners, Compton, Burnet and the rest had to plan on the assumption that they would bring both their projects to realisation, though in fact they succeeded with only one, with the inevitable result that the final achievement was somewhat lacking in rational proportion.

That there was such a wider scheme for the adaptation of the Anglican communion to suit the Dissenters being contemplated in all the constitutional measures that were submitted about this time might be argued from the proviso at the end of the Bill of Rights that:

the two Houses of Parlyament should continue to sitt, and with their Majesties royall concurrence make effectual provision for the settle-  
ment of the religion, lawes and liberties of this kingdome.

The main thing was to get the Coronation over, but at the same time it was most necessary to do something to appease the Dissenters, for otherwise James might still outbid the planners of the new Constitution. His Declaration of Indulgence had raised the stakes in the game that was being played, and he might at any moment issue from France or from Dublin another Proclamation to attract support from the Nonconformists. In fact with his Declaration of Indulgence James had initiated—whether by accident or by design—the policy of allying Catholics and Radicals which was to succeed in later centuries in carrying through

pp. 49-52. The Bill was dropped on 8 April, just three days before the Coronation, not being withdrawn but simply left on the table of the Commons. In publishing the personal narrative of Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham (Yale, 1941: *The Conduct of the Earl of Nottingham*), W. A. Aiken shows that Finch's Bill of 1680 "for the better uniting of His Majesty's Protestant subjects" was the forerunner of the Comprehension Bill. See also G. Every, *The High Church Party* (1956), pp. 32-37.

Catholic Emancipation, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and so much else, and only to come to an end, after the split over education, in 1910. When James did make a bid for a return to allegiance he was careful to state that he

will confirm and maintain the Protestant Religion as established by law, and that we will allow a liberty of conscience and exercise of religion to all Christians who will live peaceably under us; reserving to the National Protestant Religion all she is in possession of, or was in possession of at any time since the return of our Royal Brother in the year 1660.

The wording of this message from Dublin, sent out a week before the Coronation of William, shows that James was not without some cognisance of what had been put into the Bill of Rights and the Act for the Coronation Oath. In his letter to the Lords and Gentlemen of Scotland James shows great anxiety to counter William's propaganda:

And though the care of the National Protestant Church as established by law was so much pretended, yet it is now evident that she has suffered more in a few months of his unjust usurpation than the worst of what she really dreaded from us would have amounted to in many years to come, had we designed them prejudice, as we before declared we never did. Besides, the treatment he has given the Church established by law in Scotland may convince the world he came not to support the Protestant Religion as by law established, and give warning to others to judge of the sincerity of his professions.<sup>1</sup>

A century of Jacobite loyalty is some indication that James's words met with a certain degree of acceptance in Scotland. For all that, they betray some confusion, for the only *National* Church that James can have meant was the Anglican Church; the presbyteries were not included therein, though James has not missed the opportunity to appeal to them, for later on in the same letter he declares his intention of holding a Parliament in Scotland:

and in that Parliament we will secure the Protestant religion and liberty of conscience, so as that it shall not be in the power of any sect or party to encroach upon another; and if there be any whose principles bade them to such uncharitable practices, we will seclude them from it by the advice of our said Parliament, wherein we will likewise provide for the National Church as established by law.

<sup>1</sup> These two declarations by James are printed in the H.M.C. volume already cited, from the copies which were studied in the House of Lords by the Committee for Miscarriages in Ireland, pp. 154 and 150.

William did not make it clear, but James *did*, that the Protestant religion was one thing and the National Church established by law was another. In the light of James's counter-propaganda, the Protestant Declaration of William takes on a more definite shape. Burnet, as a Scot of Scots, could not have been unaware of the religious condition of Scotland and of the hold James had there. That he should have been urgent with the rest of the planners to frame the royal oath so that the way should remain open for a Protestant reunion to follow upon the Coronation and to provide support for the new régime need not cause surprise, when it is borne in mind that there were such politico-religious schemes of reunion afoot already in Germany, guided by the untiring hand of the philosopher Leibniz, with whom Burnet was afterwards to come into such close association.

The one hope for William's peaceful reign in Scotland was for him to win the loyalty of both Episcopacy and Presbytery, granting to both of them the royal protection and consigning their religious differences to the care of commissions and conferences, where they might be allowed to lose themselves in discussions interminable. This course was naturally one that appealed to practical men like Compton and Burnet, and William himself attempted to follow it in the famous interview he had with the representative of Scottish episcopacy, Alexander Rose, Bishop of Edinburgh. "I hope you will be kind to me and follow the example of England," said William; to which Rose replied: "Sir, I will serve you so far as law, reason or conscience shall allow."<sup>1</sup> This answer, given before the end of February 1689, did in fact settle the fate of the episcopacy in Scotland and left William with the Presbyterians as his official allies there, thus making it all the more necessary to have some broad description of Protestantism in the Coronation Oath that might leave room for the reconciliation of all these discordant forms of Protestantism under the one Crown. The Church of England could not reasonably object to hearing itself called a reformed religion, though such an adjective, with its associations, would naturally give most comfort to the Presbyterians, while the term "Protestant" reminded all factions of that negative attitude in which they all agreed, in that they would have nothing to do with Rome. Into this empty cadre

<sup>1</sup> The episode comes ultimately from Rose's own account; see Mathieson, *Politics and Religion in Scotland 1550-1695*, vol. ii, p. 349.

the English (and Scottish) Church of the future could safely be inserted.

It is not long since the House of Lords was called upon to construe a Statute of this same period which was drafted to settle the Protestant and Hanoverian line of succession, and the Law Lords seem to have experienced some difficulty in doing so. But what emerged from their decision was that the intention of the lawgivers of those times had to be appealed to, especially if these intentions were to be ascertained from the Preamble to the Statute or from incidental words. Might it not be that, if they were called upon to construe the Act for establishing the Coronation Oath, they would have much greater difficulty in deciding what religious institution of the present time best answered to the terms of the oath? The Act is said by the present editor of Halsbury's *Statutes* not to apply to Northern Ireland. If then, in the distant future, it ever became necessary to hold a Coronation at Belfast, one can envisage a situation where the need of a legal definition might be felt. One would like to know how they would proceed to produce this, and what the effect of their decision would be on the Establishment.

## REVIEWS

### THE WORLD OF DON BORELLI

*Hope of a Better World*, by R. Lombardi, S.J. (Society of St. Paul, Langley, 5s).

*Children of the Sun*, by Morris West (Heinemann 16s).

THESE BOOKS ARE, in a sense, complementary, and this review does not intend to exclude a fuller notice of them later on. So long ago as 1940 the Holy Father spoke of the emergence of a *communis opinio*, a general conviction that "Europe and the order of nations will never again be what they were." Since then, he has constantly repeated that a "new world" must be built, and even, that he felt himself to be, under God, its herald. The sermons of Fr. Lombardi popularized the "Movement for a Better World," and today we find a vast terrain above the Alban Lake, with an octagonal church, 250 rooms, an air-conditioned conference-hall with an apparatus for five-language reception.

This is to be the Centre of the Movement. Naturally we fight shy of expressions like "the creation of a new climate," a "new rhythm," a "crusade of love;" and while fully appreciating the horrible chaos of contemporary life, we cannot but ask how the Movement proposes to improve it.

We did not, of course, expect anything doctrinally new, nor even a new command, since it is not the Pope's wish to "lay upon us any other burden." But we seem to see an added stress on the catholicity and apostolicity of the Church, in this sense, that the Faith is intended for everyone, and that all are intended to join in spreading it. We are not only descended from the Apostles, but must show a family-likeness and act as they did, or at least wish to. No Catholic, then, must be content with "saving his own soul," but must wish to give what he has got: a priest, a bishop, will think of *all* within his parish or diocese: a Catholic will sink his prejudices and expand his interests—we are expected to attend by no means only to those who want to learn our Catechism: nothing—politics, art, literature, health lies outside our sphere. In a line—the Church does not consist of individualists; and life reveals itself in action. The *Movimento* insists that it is purely spiritual; that ideas are what move the world: it seeks to set "operative ideas" in motion by means, partly, of retreats of a novel sort inasmuch as they provide opportunities for free discussion. But such ideas require material to work upon, and Mr. West's book certainly supplies some.

He is an Australian Catholic, who has studied closely and at first hand the appalling condition of the Neapolitan *bassi*, or slums, and has written with "love, indignation and often with terror" of the condition of the children, *scugnizzi*, who live there. There are hospitals, refuges, schools (far too few), in Naples, and friars and Sisters of Charity who work wherever they can reach. It remains that there is a submerged race that might be thought "untouchables" and have anyhow been untouched. But to establish true contact, one must be able to "think with their minds," and to do so, a young priest, Don Borelli, with due permission lived among these apparently irredeemably vicious children and adolescents as one of them. Then he revealed himself as a priest and finally opened—on his own lines—a home for about 120 of them. He has visited London and an Urchins' Fund has been opened for him at the Midland Bank, 69 Pall Mall.

Mr. West rightly does not equate Naples with Italy, or even southern Italy. It is unique, though so much Greek blood flows in all those southern veins. It survived centuries of Bourbon and other misrule; it remained indifferent to Mussolinism. It was said that the Neapolitan child can live on sunlight and a slice of melon; but even in Naples it can rain icily; and under-nourishment and infant mortality are appalling; and melons are not enough for grown girls and women, the sick, or

the aged, nor are cigarette-ends, nor scraps collected from the gutters. Money? We say nothing here of the torrent of dollars poured into Italy, much of it expressly for the South: but the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno* has become a bitter joke: where does the money, American or not, go? Mr. West tells how the mayor of Naples can build esplanades and fountains, but the indescribable over-crowding remains. (We do not forget how long sheer neglect, if not deliberate obstruction, was responsible for the continuance of disgraceful conditions in, say, London, Glasgow, Liverpool.) Corruption in high places, bribery, the muzzling of the Press (but where is it really free? Not that we disapprove of censorship)—all this is not peculiar to Naples. We need not go to Port Said or Singapore to discover the execrable organisation of vice. But the constant influx of money from tourists and from the over-paid American Navy into so impoverished a community perpetuates the army of children-pimps. Mr. West, clear that no help is to be expected from the graft-ridden government, looks to the Church and finds it apathetic, though it was Cardinal Ascalesi who approved Don Borelli's extreme measure of becoming himself for a while a *scugnizzo*. Is it possible that churchmen themselves are afraid of denouncing deep-rooted evils for fear of anti-clerical reprisals? Still, the prospect is not quite dark. The Cirio Company which has branches in many countries appears excellently managed and a rebuttal of the argument that *no* Neapolitan wants to work! And its Director asked that Mr. West should in fairness write of it *and others*. Still, corrupt politics and the cruel indifference of the landowner and the rich persist. Therefore we look to the *Movimento* which aims at changing hearts. This change is needed from top to bottom of society. Fr. Borelli has succeeded in reaching the lowest and the youngest, but his home can contain but a very few, and how ensure their future? And he cannot purify the poisoned source. The "tops" too must be changed. We know of a vastly wealthy lady who, asked what she did about the desperately poor on her estates, answered: "Nothing. *Why should I?*" echoing the first of all murderers. Mr. West keeps strictly to Naples, and hardly mentions the creation of whole villages or colonies for boys, or whole families, in North Italy or near Rome itself. In our Welfare State there may be a dwindling destitution even in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, but perhaps not an increase of happiness. I have been told that "you must live in Italy, to know what *should* be done and *can't* be." Then I remember St. Francesca Cabrini who was told not to imagine that God would ask from her only what was possible. Nor is it even impossible that God may give to Southern Italy a Don Bosco. And we cannot be satisfied with Mr. West's sad conclusion that the only hope lies in vastly increased emigration.

C. C. MARTINDALE

## FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

*The Tragic Philosopher: A Study of Friedrich Nietzsche*, by F. A. Lea (Methuen 30s).

DR. OSCAR LEVY, editor of the English translation of Nietzsche's writings, was concerned with this country's indifference to the German philosopher, and he used to welcome the publication even of books or articles devoted to adverse criticism of Nietzsche, on the ground that it is better to be attacked than to be ignored. Mr. Lea's book certainly cannot be described as an attack on Nietzsche. The author tells us of his six-year struggle to make the latter's "perspective" his own; and though he has fortunately not been entirely successful in this attempt, he evidently shares the late Dr. Levy's concern with English indifference to Nietzsche. The latter was certainly not a tame thinker: he would have cut a strange figure at the meetings of the Aristotelian Society. But though he revolts many people (whom the Nietzscheans tend to look on as bourgeois Philistines), he has the undeniable power of fascinating certain minds. Mr. Lea seems to be one of them.

Considered as an account of the development of Nietzsche's thought, Mr. Lea's book seems to me to be an excellent piece of work. It sets in clear relief the successive phases of this development, and it succeeds in showing how the ideas to which the philosopher often gave only fragmentary expression converge towards a systematic world-view. Moreover, though the author does the best he can for Nietzsche, he does not gloss over all the sayings which cause so much difficulty to the apologist who wishes to commend the philosopher of the Will to Power in the eyes of the ordinary humane man.

To turn to Mr. Lea's estimate of the significance of Nietzsche's thought. He has no difficulty, of course, in showing its importance as a dramatic expression of a profound crisis in European culture and as a divination of the shape of things to come. One has not got to be a Nietzschean in order to recognise that the philosopher had a remarkable flair for the diagnosis of what he called "nihilism" and of its consequences. But what about Nietzsche's positive rejection of the old culture, including Christianity, and his attempts to overcome nihilism by developing the theories of the transvaluation of all values and of a new order of society? Mr. Lea's treatment of this theme is somewhat complex. He admits, of course, that Nietzsche repudiated Christianity, and he indicates in one place that it is a mistake to call the philosopher a "true Christian"; he was not a Christian at all, nor did he wish to be. Later, however, we are told that Nietzsche's "positive significance lies in his being the first European to re-discover the standpoint of Jesus and Paul, and to present it in terms of a world-

view appropriate to the twentieth century as theirs was to the first." Nietzsche was "the first man to present the Gospel in twentieth-century terms." The careless reader might thus receive the impression that Mr. Lea flatly contradicts himself. On the one hand Nietzsche was not a Christian; on the other hand he presented the Gospel in twentieth-century terms. On the one hand his positive dreams constitute a "Romantic Myth"; on the other hand he re-discovered the standpoint not only of Jesus but also of St. Paul (whom Nietzsche consistently attacked), a standpoint which does not appear to be for Mr. Lea a romantic myth.

If, however, I have understood the author correctly, his interpretation follows more or less these lines. Nietzsche radically misunderstood Christianity; and he rejected a caricature. But it was not merely a caricature in his own mind which he rejected, a figment of imagination and prejudice. For the caricature existed; it was what Christianity had actually become. In place of this religion, which he regarded as moribund, Nietzsche called for a transvaluation of values and for a new form of society, culminating in Superman, the higher man who would transcend Christianity and its values, and, indeed, all belief in God. "*Dionysus versus the Crucified.*" In Nietzsche's view Christianity was unhistorical in the sense that it refused to allow that the historical process could create something really new; it entirely lacked the joy of creation symbolised by Dionysus. Again, the Crucified stands as an objection to and condemnation of life, while Dionysus stands for the affirmation of creative life. This fundamental contrast, Mr. Lea maintains, is an "untruth"; and it follows that Nietzsche's romantic myth is only a half-truth. "The Romantic Myth, in all its forms, is secularised apocalypticism." Nietzsche did not understand that the exigencies of his thought should have led to the re-discovery of the mysticism of Jesus and Paul, which was creative and not opposed to life. He did not see that his transvaluation of all values was already implicit in the teaching of Christ. Possessing an erroneous idea of Christianity, he did not understand that what he was really doing was to re-present the Gospel in modern terms; and he clothed his thought in the Romantic myth of secularised apocalypticism.

If this interpretation of the author's evaluation of Nietzsche's philosophy is correct, he does not, indeed, contradict himself. But the question arises, of course, whether either Nietzsche or Christianity is recognisable when the process of reconciliation is complete. It is noticeable, for instance, that doctrines, such as the Virgin Birth, and practices, such as asceticism, which orthodox Christianity certainly embraces but which Nietzsche attacked, are dismissed by Mr. Lea into the darkness of "Gnosticism." Of course, in so far as Mr. Lea is saying that the objective values asserted by Nietzsche are found in

Christianity, when rightly interpreted, he is saying what is true. But though the author is certainly free to give us his views about Christianity if he so wishes to do, the accredited organ for interpreting Christ and St. Paul is neither Nietzsche nor Mr. Lea.

In the author's eyes Nietzsche's significance seems to consist largely in the fact that he went out into the wilderness of nihilism and scepticism and tried to live without God and Christianity, if we couple this with the fact that the philosopher's own conquest of nihilism was a substitute for the rediscovery of Christ to which the exigencies of his own thought pointed. And Mr. Lea appears to consider that it is desirable for people to make the journey into the wilderness in order that they may win through to a genuinely Christian "perspective." But it is one thing to suggest that mankind in general will discover their need for God only through the soul-searing experience of nihilism and its consequences. This might perhaps turn out to be historically verified. It is another thing to suggest that a grappling with the works of Nietzsche is to be recommended as a means of coming to the God-Man. The author might reply that he does not go so far as this, even if he does quote Nietzsche's assertion that Christians owe it to their faith to go out into the wilderness if only to have the right to say from experience whether Christianity is really needful. He tells us rather that whoever finds himself lost in the wilderness of the twentieth century will find in Nietzsche's works "a trail blazed out before-hand." But can one conscientiously recommend people to take a path which may very well lead them to where it led the German philosopher himself? I do not think so.

FREDERICK C. COPESTON

### THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

*Guidance for Religious*, by Gerald Kelly, S.J. (Herder 18s).

*Anscar Vonier, Abbot of Buckfast*, by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. (Burns and Oates 13s 6d).

*The Yoke of Divine Love*, by Dom Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. (Burns and Oates 16s).

*Contemplation in Action*, by Joseph F. Conwell, S.J. (Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, U.S.A. n.p.)

*A Directory of the Religious Life* (S.P.C.K. 8s. 6d).

**F**IRST, Fr. Kelly's *Guidance for Religious*. This fine book by an eminent moral theologian consists of articles reprinted from the *American Review for Religious* and has four parts: Emotional Adjustments in Religious; Fraternal Charity; Sacraments (including the use of confessional privileges, and confession before Communion); and Guidance by Religious (including the moral theology of the duty of

prayer, subjective sin, the law of integral confession, etc.). Fr. Kelly writes primarily as a moral theologian, not as an ascetical theologian. There is no harm at all in that. He does not fail to indicate the "better way," and experience shows that it is precisely the moral theology of certain matters—fraternal charity, for instance—in which otherwise well-informed religious are not infrequently most deficient. Here is a book for every Superior, confessor and spiritual guide. In the hands of any educated and healthy-minded religious it could do nothing but good. Both matter and manner are excellent in their fusion of balanced serenity, humanity, and intellectual grip. What Fr. Kelly has to say about *copia confessarii* for nuns is very good; but one is sure he does not feel that the last word has been said on the subject. There remain difficulties in theory, and hardships in practice, which are not wholly an inevitable part of our human condition.

The new life of Abbot Vonier is a tribute by one who knew him from boyhood. Apart from memory and the Abbot's published writings, the materials available were exceedingly scanty, so that about half the book is taken up with the story of the rise, under Abbot Vonier's inspiration ("I started with one pound sterling and without the promise of any more . . .") of Buckfast Abbey. The story is pleasantly told, though the style is that of fifty years ago; remarks, too, on Fr. de la Taille's theory of the Mass are dated. The portrait of the Abbot himself is realistic and not over-idealised: a man of big ideas, deep faith, solid learning and wide humanity. Interesting sidelights emerge: Vonier's love of Carlyle and Kipling; the *Tablet* his only newspaper; the extreme austerity of life at Buckfast at the turn of the century.

*The Yoke of Divine Love* is addressed primarily, but by no means exclusively, to followers of St. Benedict's rule. In three sections the author treats of motive, vows, penance; prayer, private and liturgical; and community life. Dom Hubert needs no introduction, and readers of his previous books will recognise the aphoristic and sometimes pungent style. His teaching draws on the Gospels and the whole fourteen hundred years of Benedictine tradition. Robust souls will find the presentation bracing; the less robust may perhaps find it a little daunting, abstract and aloof. But Dom Hubert knows his readers, and no doubt the treatment was meant to be taken in small doses rather than copious draughts.

Fr. Conwell's book is a doctorate thesis of a hundred pages originally entitled: *Prayer Proper to the Society of Jesus according to Jerome Nadal, S.J.* Having established the value of Fr. Nadal's testimony, the author arrives at the conclusion that from the example of St. Ignatius, from the "Kingdom" and the "Two Standards," and from the special purpose or "end" of the Society of Jesus, the prayer proper to the

Society may be expressed in a phrase of Nadal's *simul in actione contemplativus*, the context of the phrase being that St. Ignatius's prayer consisted chiefly in the contemplation of the Blessed Trinity (in a very broad sense) and in a special gift of finding in strenuous apostolic work with and for Christ not a distraction from divine things but a constant means of closer union with God; a gift of seeing God in all things and never forgetting His presence. These two elements of St. Ignatius's life of prayer—the contemplation and the prayerful work—are shown to be organically connected, and symbolised, e.g., in the vision at La Storta. With the general lines of the thesis most readers will probably find themselves in agreement. But, granted its soundness, a number of interesting questions arise, two of which may be mentioned here: Why were St. Ignatius's directions for very short prayer for scholastics (Jesuits not yet ordained) so soon abandoned? And, granted that Fr. Nadal's version is something any good Jesuit can attain to *in time*, is it practical to expect beginners to live by it straight after the noviceship? It would seem that St. Ignatius over-estimated the transforming powers of the Exercises on the average novice, and that this was realised as early as St. Francis Borgia's time.

The *Directory of the Religious Life* is a revision of the first edition of 1943. It is interesting as roughly the Anglican equivalent of the Church's Canon Law on the subject.

THOMAS GORNALL

#### MR. PINFOLD'S HALLUCINATIONS

*The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall 12s 6d).

M R. EVELYN WAUGH has abandoned his military saga and produced a short novel (his fifteenth) based upon his own disturbing experiences, a few years ago, when he became subject to an attack of hallucinations. These took the form of a persecution by voices which descended upon him while on a liner, bound for the East, which he had boarded with the idea of regaining his health. Only the ministrations of his wife dispelled the illusions and restored him to sanity.

Out of this "hamper of fresh, rich experience," Mr. Waugh has unpacked what he calls a Conversation Piece, whose most popular attribute is likely to be that which it shares with everything he has so far published: namely, that once you start reading, it is virtually impossible to stop. This pleasing, yet mysterious quality, less fashionable than it ought to be, must endear Mr. Waugh to a wide circle of otherwise, perhaps, hostile readers exhausted from burrowing in the stony prose of contemporary ideological fiction. This book is, however,

so clearly, almost aggressively, about the author himself that some critics have shown more than their usual trustful readiness to attack the supposed Waugh outlook by means of material drawn from his own pages, such as:

"Mr. Pinfold had never voted in a Parliamentary Election, maintaining an idiosyncratic toryism which was quite unrepresented in the political parties of his time and was regarded by his neighbours as being almost as sinister as Socialism,"

or, "He was reputed bigoted rather than pious,"

or, "He . . . abhorred everything . . . that had happened in his own lifetime,"

or even the voices' accusation, "He doesn't really *believe* in his religion, you know. He just pretends to because he thinks it aristocratic."

Of course! How characteristic! How useful, yet somehow provoking, that Mr. Waugh should have written it himself!

Considered on its own terms as a work of art *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* is as highly wrought as *The Loved One*, tense, entertaining and sometimes very funny (though what angel of tactlessness, writing the blurb, recommended it as likely to "delight all those who live on the border lines of sanity"?). Mr. Waugh's ear for the conversation which pins the speaker in his place like a butterfly is as good as ever:

After a time two cheerful women entered. The men greeted them:

"Morning, Mrs. Cockson. Glad to see you're on your feet this merry morning."

"Good morning, good morning, good morning all. You know Mrs. Benson?"

"I don't think I've had that pleasure. Will you join us, Mrs. Benson! I'm in the chair," and he turned and called to the steward, "Boy."

So is the description of the B.B.C. man with "a neat, thick beard" who comes to interview the reluctant author:

"The commonplace face above the beard became slightly sinister, the accentless, but insidiously plebeian voice, menacing."

If anything, there is rather too little of this sort of thing and rather too much of the hallucinatory voices—apart from the grisly delights of the one known as Margaret. However convincing Mr. Pinfold's painful belief in the reality of his enemies, the enemies themselves are necessarily detached from the reader, who is more agog for the humiliating scene which must come if Pinfold is to complain openly of his persecution. Nevertheless the book has the wit and style of some of the best Waugh, with touches of the same oblique horror. It is greatly to be recommended.

R. L. McEWEN

## AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT FRANCE

*As France Goes*, by David Schoenbrun (Gollancz 21s).

THE AUTHOR of this book has been for the past fourteen years head of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Paris and speaks therefore not without authority on the political history of the Fourth Republic. In fact for anyone who would have explained to him the meaning of the French political kaleidoscope over the past decade this is the book. Whether he is dealing with the tangled history of EDC, or the war in Indo-China, or the problems in North Africa, Mr. Schoenbrun is well worth reading; while the fact that he was himself an eye-witness of many of the events of which he writes and interviewed not a few of the protagonists adds considerably to the value of the story as a whole. The angle of vision in general, however, is that of the American political radio commentator. Reminders of this occur, here and there, in the course of the narrative. For instance, it is true to say that "General Boulanger is a more potent influence on contemporary France than Joan of Arc" only if you mean the contemporary France comprised by the Palais Bourbon, but surely not otherwise. Again: "The conservatives are exactly what the word normally means: men who are trying to conserve their special privileges, to maintain the *status quo* by resisting all social change." This may indeed be a normal interpretation in America, but it must be confessed it rings rather harshly in a European ear. These are minor blemishes, however—some raised eyebrows will be caused by a reference to the late Ernest Bevin as "that tough, little Foreign Secretary"—and indicate a point of view which, for all that, is not without its own advantages to one undertaking the particular study of a foreign country. Many people before now have remarked on the individualism of the French, how they "feel free to do anything not explicitly forbidden by law," and how this lack of what we like to call the team-spirit lies at the root of their various troubles as a nation. Mr. Schoenbrun, however, goes further and lays the blame fairly and squarely on the educational system. Of all reforms, a basic reorientation of educational psychology tending towards the development of "a new species of public-spirited citizens" is, in his opinion, the one most needed. And there is no doubt that an ever-increasing number of Frenchmen today would agree with him.

JOHN McEWEN

## SHORTER NOTICES

*The Mystery of the Woman*, edited by Edward D. O'Connor (University of Notre Dame Press \$2.75).

THE FACULTY of theology in the University of Notre Dame are to be congratulated on the high standard of this quintet of essays, which constitute a kind of *Festschrift* in honour of the Mother of Christ to whom their University is dedicated. Daniel Sargent contributes an able and interesting conspectus of the development of Marian devotion in America, and Fr. Eugene P. Burke gives fitting expression to the *pietas* of the University itself. Fr. Walter J. Burghardt contributes a thoughtful study of Our Lady as type of the Church. Though there are difficulties in making Mary rather than John represent the Church in John 19, 26-27, and in making Christ's Mother also the type of His Mystical Bride, this study contains valuable insights. The *pièce de résistance* is Mgr. George W. Shea's essay on the Assumption. Following F. Prat and the commoner interpretation in the first Christian centuries, Mgr. Shea holds that Our Lady's privilege was not entirely singular but found a precedent in the assumption of those "many bodies of the saints" (Matt. 27, 52-53) which arose after Christ's resurrection and (on this view) formed His glorious escort at His Ascension.

*Letters of John Henry Newman: A Selection* edited and introduced by Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford (Peter Owen 25s).

*The Political Thought of John Henry Newman*, by Terence Kenny (Longmans 21s).

THE NEW VOLUME of *Letters* will be widely welcome though it is a mere drop in the ocean—one hundred and sixteen letters, about equally divided between the Anglican and the Catholic periods, and all save two previously published. The selection is a good one, varied and objective. Each of the two sections is prefaced by an introduction, that by Muriel Spark giving a brief summary of Newman's life as a Catholic, and a balanced assessment of Newman as revealed in his letters during that period. Mr. Stanford's task of introducing the Anglican letters was a more difficult one, and, though he has some good things to say, he does not appear to be altogether at his ease with his subject. More and more letters will surely be called for. How welcome, for instance, would be a selection from the Irish University period, illustrating Newman's powers of administration. But then, no Newmannite will be content until he has read every surviving word.

Mr. Kenny's essay is in the hitherto uncharted territory of the unworldly Newman's interest in the world. Against a background of wide reading the author sifts, unifies and comments on a large number of

passages, widely diverse in time, occasion and importance, from sources published and unpublished, to form chapters on Conservatism, the State, Church and State, Liberalism, and Newman and modern democracy. The result is a scholarly work more satisfying on reflection than on first reading. Newman's political thought is shown to be of importance in itself as well as for an understanding of Newman the realist; but at times in the early part of the book Mr. Kenny seems, in his search for significance, to be making bricks without straw; he qualifies and qualifies. However, the book improves as it proceeds, and the discussions involved are interesting and valuable even when their conclusions seem tenuous. It is pioneer work, authentic and objective, and worthy of a place on the Newman shelf.

*The Social Thought of the World Council of Churches*, by Edward Duff, S.J. (Longmans 25s).

THE World Council of Churches is not a super-Church, it has itself disclaimed any approximation to such a function. It is a means of co-ordinating and distributing ecumenical thought and discussion upon the problems of Christian unity.

Fr. Edward Duff's book is a survey of the possible applications of Christian principle to the social, economic and political organisation of human society, and the problems that arise therefrom, which have been adumbrated in the discussions of the World Council. Perhaps the most surprising thing about it, as its reviewer in *Theology* remarked, is that it should have been written by a Catholic priest, an American Jesuit. The fact underlines the increasing realisation by Catholic authorities of the significance of the Ecumenical Movement, even though the Church as such, in its wisdom, takes no part in Ecumenical organisation.

Fr. Duff's work is exhaustive and impartial, co-ordinating the vast material available into a comprehensible whole of deep interest. Theological issues are only indirectly touched upon, yet it soon becomes evident that the maxim *omnia abeunt in theologiam* is often pointedly illustrated. The fundamental differences between Christians in applying principles to the building of a Christian society have their source very deep in theology; the view taken of the nature and effects of original sin, and the manner in which Christ's redemption becomes available to men. The decisive point of divergence is seen in the choice between an "ethic of ends" and an "ethic of inspiration," in the question whether grace can transform nature and so in the opposition between "horizontal" and "vertical" ecclesiology.

This is a valuable book and it will win a place as a reference book by the side of Rouse and Neill's *A History of the Ecumenical Movement*.

*The Centuries of Santa Fe*, by Paul Horgan (Macmillan 21s).

*The Saint-Maker's Christmas Eve*, by Paul Horgan (Macmillan 10s 6d).

THE FIRST OF THESE BOOKS is undoubtedly history, though in fictional form, and the second, fiction but so convincing that it might well be history. Mr. Horgan traces the history of New Mexico since its foundation in the early seventeenth century down to 1848 when it was absorbed into the United States, and even sketches its history down to our day. Never disguising the faults of the Conquistadores, his insight into the Spanish character with its pride and dignity and faith makes us all the more sorrowful when he shows a high enterprise spoilt by greed for gold, by European corruption due to exhaustion and the Enlightenment, and by the rivalry of Whites in lands where the red man was progressively killed off. Trade with what may be symbolically called the New Yorker seemed to doom the past: but no: Catholic bells began to sound again; and then the past began to be *imitated* by escapist aesthetes only to be followed by laboratories in which the atom bomb was perfected. I, in my own way, am ready to hope that, in time, Catholic Indians will be dancing again to the divine Son upon their ancient ground. The immense research and intuition found in this book and *Great River* enable us to accept the *Saint-maker* as by no means only an exquisite fancy by a man who is an artist to his finger-tips. We renew, too, our homage to the early Franciscan missionaries; and Mr. Wegner's illustrations are strong, humane and economical.

*Doctor Rabelais*, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Sheed and Ward 21s).

PROBABLY MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS was the best man to write this book, for he enjoys his subject immensely, he is learned in it, and can hit out lustily at the doctor's academic worshippers who were probably envious of him (I cannot but think that A. E. Housman envied his hefty lads), and he can also hit at those who are shocked by him. Again he can see what he looks at with contemporary eyes.

This is an amusing book which certainly should be read by anyone who wishes to get a balanced view of Rabelais and a glimpse of his period and background, for Mr. Wyndham Lewis is a real critic, and proves it in his Epilogue—how rightly he sees Léon Daudet's invective as nearer to Rabelais than Balzac's laborious *Contes*, and though one may not care for "breezes that sweep manure-heaps" they are preferable to the atmosphere of Anatole France or even Sterne.

Those who affect to be disgusted by Rabelais are enchantingly described on p. 254, yet there are those who try to read him yet fail to persevere through sheer ennui to wade through this enormous output of verbiage. One cannot help joining in a wry smile at those who attempt to do so merely in hopes of alighting on some sporadic

impropriety, to which Rabelais has given his name in the English language.

*The Reluctant Abbess*, by Margaret Trouncer (Hutchinson 15s).

ANGÉLIQUE ARNAULD, the fourth of her parents' twenty children, was forced by her lawyer-father into a Cistercian convent when aged eleven (her age was falsified when briefs were applied for from Rome). At twelve, she was an abbess. The state of convents after the wars of religion was chaotic rather than immoral: they were full of ladies living fairly comfortable and even pious lives, but mixing freely with the laity, and of course there were scandals. Mrs. Trouncer, sound historian and brilliant novelist, vividly describes their general situation. Then she renders the character of Angélique intelligible though tragic—a psychologist would have to tell us whether her cult of chastity accounted for her horror of physical cleanliness. She was terribly self-conscious, and knew herself to be still "bourgeoise" among great ladies. She missed Madame Acarie by a day. St. Francis de Sales trusted her as long as he could; St. Jeanne de Chantal longer than she should. Even her charm, I think, was calculated. Did she really *love* the poor to whom she was generous? She was, really, in her inflexible infallibility, more than ready for the advent of St.-Cyran, who destroyed any chance of happiness she might still have had.

Mr. R. Speaight's brief preface helps to explain Mrs. Trouncer's approach to her subject. Our only regret is that she sometimes interrupts the flow of the story by alluding to modern authors, and by brief moralising comments of her own. But the book is a splendid addition to the considerable list of her historical novels about the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in France.

*A Tribute to Evie Hone and Mainie Jellett*, edited by Stella Frost (Browne and Nolan 15s).

FRIENDS, pupils, art-lovers and critics have been called upon by the editor to give some idea of what Ireland brought to birth, and what she received in exchange, in the artistic creative work of Evie Hone and Mainie Jellett.

"The greatness of Mainie Jellett was to be felt in many ways: but not least in her simplicity," writes Elizabeth Bowen. "She was not only easy but, which is rarer, easing to be with: she not only calmed one, but relit lamps that seemed to be going out." She was an inspiring painter and teacher.

Of Evie Hone, D. P. Curran writes: "She dealt in no gew-gaws, rich robes or opulent display, and her figures had in their sober dress the tireless quality we observe in women who work in the fields."

The testimony of Fr. Donal O'Sullivan may be added: "Her windows betray the kept secret of her life: for all their gentleness they speak aloud of God, prophets of His greatness and evangelists of His mercy. But he who runs will never read nor hear. Beauty born of contemplation needs some measure of contemplation for its savouring: it eludes the aesthete no less than the tourist."

This book with its well-chosen illustrations is a worthy tribute to two valiant women of Ireland. "You have two great artists in Ireland," said a distinguished foreign visitor to Dublin, "Evie Hone and Jack Yeats. In any European country they would be proudly recognised and honoured." They have left worthy monuments.

*The Art of Drama*, by Ronald Peacock (Routledge 25s).

*On the Art of the Theatre*, by Edward Gordon Craig (Heinemann 25s).

OF THESE TWO BOOKS Mr. Gordon Craig's is a reprint of a number of essays on acting and stage-management, including the two dialogues between Playgoer and Stage Manager, which appeared originally in 1911. Some of it necessarily dates, such as the attacks on stage realism and the omission of references to the American stage, but some of it on the other hand is very much to the point and could be read with profit by anyone interested in the production of plays now or at any time in the future. In particular the chapter called "On the Ghosts in the Tragedies of Shakespeare" is full of profound observation.

Professor Peacock in his book sets out to "illumine the nature of dramatic art and its affinities with poetry and other art forms." And in particular he examines, with much erudition and a wealth of illustration, the function of the image—auditory, visual, scenic, musical and so on—in relation to experience. The argument throughout is closely knit and of an involute intensity which the author occasionally lightens by flashes of provocative wit, as when for example he refers to "the existentialist neurotics of Anouilh." This is an important book of the kind that before now has stood as a man's life's work and deserves more detailed treatment than can here be accorded to it. It can be recommended to all students of the drama and of aesthetics in general.

*Herder: His Life and Thought*, by Robert T. Clark, Jr. (University of California Press; Cambridge University Press 49s).

IN THIS LARGE-SCALE biography Professor Clark aims first at giving English-speaking readers a picture of Herder's life and thought, setting each of his more important works against its intellectual background. Few of Herder's writings have been translated into English. The author has therefore quoted in translation "much more of Herder's own work than modern theories of biography generally

approve." Professor Clark's second aim is to make available for his readers some of the important results of the last half century of Herder studies. In connection with this aim he supplies an extensive bibliography.

Herder possessed a versatile mind: he was poet, essayist, literary critic, folklorist, historian and philosopher. And of his influence on the development of German culture there can be no doubt. But Professor Clark contends that the time has passed when Herder's influence on Goethe and on the Romantics can be taken as his sole or chief claim to fame. His thought transcends matters of "influence," and it transcends German culture. Further, it is a mistake to suppose, as Rudolf Haym did in his two-volume work on Herder, that the latter's thought can be properly evaluated only according to the point of view of the Kantian philosophy.

The author's objection to Haym's attitude is certainly justified. In what precise sense Herder's thought transcends German culture may be matter for dispute. But this readable and thorough treatment of an important thinker will be welcomed by English-speaking students not only of German literature and thought but also of European culture in general.

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